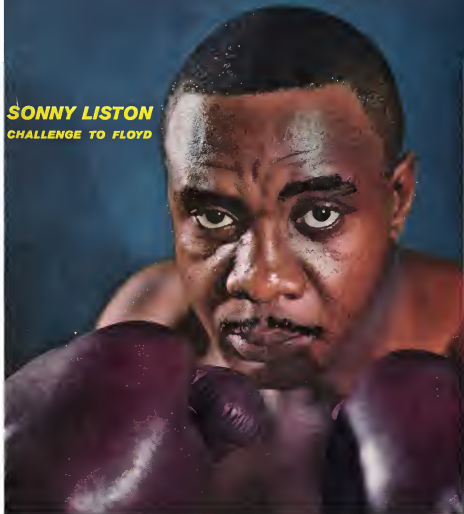


Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 12, 1962

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AMERICAN AMERICA'S LEADING AIRLINE 

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Next week

Lucky Baldwin made millions of dollars, and millions of enemies, and created the Rancho Santa Anita, site of the magnificent racetrack. Dolly Consolli tells his fabulous story.

High-speed go alai is one of Florida's biggest winter attractions. Six pages of color photographs reveal its spectacular action and the graceful agility of the Basques who play it.

U.S. Women's Open Champ Mickey Wright, a slender girl golfer with a drive like a hammer, claims that almost any one can hit a tee shot farther and goes on to show just how.

Sports Illustrated





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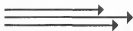
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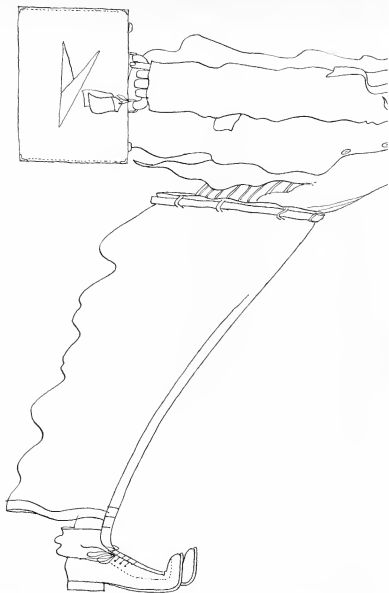
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Pro tournaments through April 5

FEBRUARY 9-11

Phoenix Open Invitational, \$35,000, Phoenix Country Club, Phoenix, Ariz.
Panama Open Invitational, \$10,000, Panama Golf Club, Panama, R.P.

FEBRUARY 12-13

PGA Seniors' Championship, \$25,000, PGA National Golf Club, Dunedin, Fla.

FEBRUARY 15-16

St. Petersburg Women's Open, \$7,500, Sunset Golf Club, St. Petersburg, Fla.
Tucson Open Invitational, \$20,000, El Rio Country Club, Tucson, Ariz.
Maracaibo Open Invitational, \$10,000, Maracaibo Country Club, Maracaibo, Venezuela.

FEBRUARY 22-25

Greater New Orleans Open Invitational, \$30,000, City Park Golf Club, New Orleans.
Caracas Open Invitational, \$10,000, Valle Arriba Country Club, Caracas, Venezuela.

MARCH 1-4

Baton Rouge Open Invitational, \$20,000, Baton Rouge Country Club, Baton Rouge.
Puerto Rico Open Invitational, \$10,000, Berwind Country Club, San Juan, P.R.

MARCH 8-11

Pensacola Open Invitational, \$20,000, Pensacola Country Club, Pensacola, Fla.
Jamaica Open Invitational, \$10,000, Caymanas Golf and Country Club, Kingston, Jamaica, W.I.

MARCH 15-16

St. Petersburg Open Invitational, \$20,000, Lakewood Country Club, St. Petersburg, Fla.

MARCH 22-25

Doral Country Club Open Invitational, \$50,000, Doral Country Club, Miami.

MARCH 26-APRIL 1

Azalea Open Invitational, \$20,000, Cape Fear Country Club, Wilmington, N.C.

APRIL 8-9

Masters, \$20,000 (min.), Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. **END**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FEBRUARY 12, 1962

SCORECARD

SEALED TENNIS

With the forthright and fearless determination that has helped it lead the U.S. into the rearmost ranks of international tennis, the United States Lawn Tennis Association last week resolutely turned its back on the only vital question confronting the sport today—open tennis. The backward march at the meeting in Los Angeles was a retreat and not a rout—that is, it was conducted with the predictable dignity of a minor.

At this moment in tennis history the most enlightened authorities, including the president of the International Federation, the head of the British tennis association, the management at Wimbledon and former U.S. Davis Cup Captain Bill Talbert (SI, Feb. 5) agree that some form of open tennis is crucially necessary now. Their view on the eventual solution, and one virtually certain to be effected at Wimbledon within the next two years, is the elimination of all distinction between pros and amateurs at all top tournaments—the elimination, in fact, of the very terms themselves.

It is indicative of the USLTA's sense of direction that its outgoing president, George Barnes, recognized in his farewell speech that "there is a tremendous sentiment for open competition on the part of many players, the press and the general public," and that the incoming president, Edward A. Turville, in his inaugural message stated his disbelief that "further discussion of [the open question] would be of any value at the present time." Both gentlemen are horrified at the very notion of removing the distinction between amateur and pro.

Pacing their steps to their leaders', the rank-and-file delegates at Los Angeles first put forward a tentative motion calling for a vote on the general "principle" of open tennis, then fearing rebuke, hastily withdrew it. In its place the meeting proposed and approved the same resolution it had passed a year before: a resolution urging the International Federation to let each nation make up its own mind, if it had one. "Everyone," said retiring President Barnes, employing

open syntax, "felt he didn't want to make up his own mind until he'd seen some definite program."

FIRST EDITION

Tony Alessio, the precompiler for the Caliente Future Book, last week released to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED his first set of odds for the May 5 Kentucky Derby. The 10 top horses and their odds, according to Alessio, are: Radan 4 to 1; Crimson Satan 6 to 1; Sir Gayford 10 to 1; Cyane 15 to 1; Ruiny Lake 15 to 1; Donut King 15 to 1; Admiral's Voyage 25 to 1; Snappy King 25 to 1; Royal Attack 25 to 1; and Endymion 25 to 1.

IMPARTIALITY

Lacronic report of a junior high school basketball game from an Illinois publication, the *La Harpe Quill*:

"The Terre Haute Flea-weights defeated Colusa 13 to 2, and Ted Kern was high point man for both teams, scoring 12 for Terre Haute and two points at the wrong basket for Colusa."

TARZAN VS. FIBER GLASS

Those jungle yells coming from the vicinity of Penns Grove, N.J. originate in the home of Don (Tarzan) Bragg, deposed holder of the world pole vault record. Bragg made his mark (15 feet 9½ inches) back in the dark ages of track and field, a few years ago, when aluminum poles were used. The now indoor record holder, John Uelses of the U.S. Marine Corps, uses a fiber-glass pole, as do just about all vaulters nowadays. Bragg finds this offensive. "The fiber-glass pole is a definite mechanical aid," he says. "The maximum that Uelses could vault with an aluminum pole is 15-3. If he were to switch back to aluminum now, he wouldn't even make 15 feet."

Bragg feels especially aggrieved because he considers the handsome Uelses a sort of personal pupil. "There's an air of friendliness in track and field," says Bragg with no air of friendliness. "I taught Uelses the 'rock-back' that flexes the pole and makes him a 16-foot vaulter. Yet now he says it's his own inven-

tion. He makes conflicting statements. First I read that he said hard work, not the fiber-glass pole, was responsible for the record vaults. Then he admitted that most of his training consisted of playing badminton."

Bragg also says he doesn't question the validity of Uelses' records. "But fiber glass makes the pole vault an entirely different event," he insists. "Now most of the emphasis is on coordination instead of speed, strength and coordination. I do extend credit to Uelses for perfecting this phase of vaulting. I just think it isn't the same sport."

COLD COMFORT

Ice fishing has charm of a sort, but some of its elements are tedious, tiresome and productive of ennui as well as very few fish. This winter a student of human oddities has been observing Maryland ice fishermen at play and has concluded that the fishermen are more interesting than the fishing.

For example: Reuben Levin of Coatesville, Pa. was fishing with a sawed-off billiard cue. Just the right size and backbone for jiggling a lure up and down.

Donald Dinges of Pasco, R.I. was keeping nine holes from freezing over by squeezing drops of antifreeze into them



from a syringe. Five or six drops in each hole every half hour did the job.

Alan Soule of Lancaster, Pa. had fitted out a bicycle wheel as a reel. With tire removed and mounted on a sled, the wheel permitted him to reel in his line four times faster.

Joel Turner of Philadelphia had added cardboard sails to the lines of his tip-ups. The sails let the wind do the jiggling while Turner kept his hands in his pockets.

Several fishermen were equipped with metal discs. These were bottoms cut out of metal wastepaper baskets. At the end of a day's fishing they flitted the basket bottoms into the holes. Returning next

continued

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MILES PRODUCTS

SCORECARD *continued*

day, they built fires on them and the holes were reopened without chopping.

And there was one fellow who was soaking his lines in his whisky flask. Kept them plump in cold weather, the fellow pointed out, a warm, friendly glow suffusing his features.

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Here, together with their current per-game scoring averages, are the first 10 college basketball players who will be picked in the National Basketball Association draft: Jerry Lucas, Ohio State (22.7); Dave DeBusschere, Detroit (24.9); John Rudometkin, USC (21.1); Bill McGill, Utah (36.1); Terry Dischinger, Purdue (27.1); John Havlicek, Ohio State (18.2); Paul Hogue, Cincinnati (15.8); Chet Walker, Bradley (26.6); Len Chappell, Wake Forest (28.6); Leroy Ellis, St. John's (23.9).
- Millionaire Ken Rich, co-owner of the car that Jim Rathmann drove to victory in the 1960 Indianapolis "500," is readying a new-style Indy car for Rathmann to pedal in this year's race. Costing more than \$1 million and utilizing parts from points as distant as California and West Germany, Rich believes the car should qualify at 167 mph. Major features of the racer will be an independent suspension system, an open rear end, magnesium piston and rods, power steering and a shorter, lower profile.
- The University of Maryland will award some football and basketball scholarships to Negro athletes this fall, thus integrating the Atlantic Coast Conference.
- Noel Carroll, regarded as the best track prospect to come out of Ireland since Ron Delany, will shortly be enrolled at Villanova.

HEALTH HINT

John Spencer Churchill, nephew of Sir Winston Spencer Churchill, likes to drink and listen to music. In *A Churchill Caves* (Little, Brown, \$5.75), he writes that he varies his drinks as much as his music, going from Bach to Sibelius to Mozart and from port to stout to gin as the day progresses toward night.

The John Spencer Churchill breakfast consists of lemon juice and hot water, followed by tea. After that dreary beginning the day quickly begins to improve. He writes: "For elevenses I have a glass of ruby port from the wood and a digestive biscuit if it is very cold, alternatively, a glass of stout or beer.

Abroad it is a glass of *vin rosé*. For the midday aperitif, I have a pink gin, Bols gin or schnapps of some sort. In France I prefer a Pasis, Pernod or Ricard; in Spain a *doplo* of manzanilla. I might even vary this with Japanese sake."

With lunch, half a bottle of claret or a pint of beer suffices for Mr. Churchill, followed ("but not always") by a kummel, calvados or brandy.

Teatime calls for a whisky and soda or two, "followed by some sort of gin drink." Then comes the evening aperitif, consisting of dry sherry or manzanilla. Another half bottle of claret for dinner, followed by port and brandy. (When entertaining, he precedes the claret with a dry white wine and champagne.)

"At about 10 p.m. I start whiskies and sodas at approximately half-hour intervals until about 3 a.m. or 4 a.m. if I am working late," Mr. Churchill reports, and he concludes: "The result of this program is that I feel half my age and very healthy."

Here's how, and the best to Uncle Winston.

ET TU, PHILIP?

Phil Rizzuto, once an excellent shortstop for the New York Yankees and now a highly paid announcer for the Yankee broadcasting network, told a public gathering in Connecticut the other evening that the Yankees would not have won the 1961 American League pennant if Casey Stengel had been the manager. Thus Rizzuto lent his respected name to a shoddy move on the part of certain members of the Yankees' official family to help demote the image of Casey Stengel.

It is quite possible that Stengel might not have led the Yankees to an eight-game victory in 1961 as Ralph Houk did. Perhaps Stengel might have got less out of Roger Maris, Mickey Mantle, John Blanchard and Elston Howard. But it is also possible that Stengel would have won the pennant by 14 games. Some people believe that Shirley Temple could have managed the Yankees to victory in 1961.

SKATING TO SUCCESS

The Los Angeles Blades, unsuccessful applicants for a National Hockey League franchise, are in their first year in the Western Hockey League and, directly after two sorry failures in Los Angeles sport (howling's Torres and basketball's Jets), they have come up with the city's biggest success story since the Dodgers.

Blades crowds were merely moderate in size early in the year. Now they have suddenly begun to double and triple. Attendance at the last five home games averaged 11,100, and one Saturday night recently the Blades drew 13,702 to surpass the former WHL attendance record by 3,300, turning away 2,000 would-be spectators. If the trend continues, the Blades' season average will be a third higher than anticipated and will assure a profit for the first year of operation.

General Manager Jack Geyer is somewhat astonished by this surge of interest. He feels that such factors as the end of the football season, television exposure, an improved won-lost record and a package ticket deal with sponsor Union Oil account for the upturn. All true enough, but the game of hockey itself has something to do with it. In iceless Los Angeles, the game has made fans of people who only recently didn't know a puck from a stick. One convert, a girl no less, started a Blades booster club a few weeks ago. At last count more than 300 were enrolled, each paying \$1 for the privilege of wearing a pin, carrying a card, selecting outstanding players and attending pregame pep meetings in a big room at the Sports Arena.

The National Hockey League owners, tightfisted and cautious as they are, must be casting a wistful eye at all this. It seems inconceivable that major league hockey can be more than a year or so away from Los Angeles.

THEY SAID IT

• Cincinnati Infielder Gene Freese, explaining why Jim Brosnan was the first Redleg to sign his 1962 contract: "He's writing a new book, and the front office doesn't want to be in it."

• A New York Irishman, after watching Ireland's two-mile relay team (Basil Clifford, Derek McCleane, Noel Carroll and Ronnie Delany) win in Madison Square Garden: "Basil? Derek? Noel? Ronnie? What the hell's happened to Pat and Mike?"

• Bart Starr, Green Bay quarterback, on the football orthodoxy of his coach: "On third down and one, Johnny Unitas is likely to go back and pass. Coach Lombardi would pull his hair out if I tried that. In fact, he can't even stand it when the other team does it."

• Johnny Green, high-scoring UCLA guard, on California's set-pattern basketball offense: "Cal passes and passes and then takes the same shot they had 15 minutes ago."

END



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WILL FLOYD FIGHT SONNY?

Probably, most likely in New York in June, but it's not that easy. There's a strong movement against the fight, part of it in Patterson's camp

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

This is plotting time in boxing. Just as auto manufacturers draw up designs in March for next year's models, so do members of the top heavyweight camps hatch schemes in February for the year ahead. The tax bite on a title bout is such that there can only be one or two a year, and the intrigue behind lining one up is enough to drive Machiavelli mad. Last week, plotting was at peak pitch in the lairs of Champion Floyd Patterson and Challenger Sonny Liston.

The Patterson camp is a triumvirate: the champion, Lawyer Julius November and Manager Gus D'Amato. Up until Patterson's defeat in the first Johansson fight, D'Amato was the kingpin, but since then the three have been wrangling among themselves in semisecrecy, much like Russia, Red China and Albania.

The difficulty between D'Amato on one hand and November and Patterson on the other now centers over competition with Liston. D'Amato wants nothing to do with Sonny. November would like to see Patterson fight Liston next—at least that is what Liston says November told him—and Patterson, at present anyway, agrees with November. For one, Patterson's pride is hurt: Liston has been saying Patterson "fears" to fight him. "I'm a man," Patterson says. "Any man can say he'll beat me, but no man can

say I'm afraid of him." In Washington a few weeks ago Patterson said that Liston, who has had his troubles with the law (\$4, July 17, 1961), "has paid for his shortcomings. They tell me he carries himself like a tough guy. But maybe that's because he had no education. He's had a pretty tough life. I think Liston will realize the responsibility he has to the boys of America if he wins the championship." Later Patterson told a friend, "Right now, plans call for me to fight Liston in New York in June."

All this drives D'Amato to desperation. An intense man, he has become even more wound up. The eyeballs roll more furiously, the black Homburg is clamped more tightly on his head and the mouth stretches even more to the side in conspiratorial grimace. He is a voice whispering in the wilderness.

D'Amato's objection to Liston is his management: he believes that the rough Italian hand of Blinky Palermo, the Philadelphia racketeer, still controls Sonny as it did when Palermo's puppet, Pep Barone, was managing Liston. When Liston supposedly bought back his contract from Barone last May and hired George Katz instead, D'Amato remained unmoved. A couple of weeks ago Liston announced he was dumping Katz and taking on a new manager, Jack Nilon, a food concessionaire. In reporting this, United Press International said that D'Amato had okayed Nilon as manager,

continued



SONNY LISTON

HEIGHT: 6 FEET 1 INCH
WEIGHT: 212 POUNDS
REACH: 82 INCHES
CHEST: 45 INCHES
WAIST: 33 INCHES
BICEPS: 16½ INCHES
WRIST: 8½ INCHES
FIST: 14 INCHES

a misstatement that prompted D'Amato to explode: "There's no change—whether it's Nilon, rayon, cotton or silk!" Told that Nilon is a churchgoing Catholic and has a brother who is a Jesuit, D'Amato exclaimed, "I don't give a damn if he was the Pope!"

What excites D'Amato's suspicion—and he is a most suspicious man—is that Nilon, like Katz, is a Philadelphian, and

Philadelphia is Blinky Palermo's home turf. "Philadelphia people are always considered," D'Amato says. "This is a peculiar thing. Are there no other people? It could be Chicago, Los Angeles, New York. Why only Philadelphia people? As far as I am concerned, I see no change in the situation and see no reason to change my opposition to the fight."

At this writing, D'Amato is traveling around the country on mysterious errands doing what he can to prevent a

Liston-Patterson fight. "When I want to go from A to B, I go to Z first," he says cryptically. He cares not a whit for Liston's drawing power at the gate; Patterson, he says, can make as much money fighting two or three lesser opponents.

In the Liston camp there is just as much maneuvering going on. Although Patterson's apparent decision to fight Liston makes the question of Liston's alleged mob ownership somewhat academic, it is worth noting that Blinky

OPINIONS ON LISTON'S RIGHT TO FIGHT

Sport's liveliest "moral" controversy rages over Sonny Liston. Is Sonny fit to challenge for—and possibly hold—the championship? There are persistent rumors and allegations that Liston is still controlled by the racketeers. And there is Liston's own police record. Nov. 28, Liston has been in trouble with the police 10 times in the last 11 years for reasons ranging from suspicion of gambling to a charge of robbery. He has been convicted only twice. In 1936 he was sentenced to five years in the Missouri State Penitentiary for first-degree robbery, and in 1937, 2½ years after he had become a professional boxer, he served nine months in the St. Louis Workhouse for assaulting a policeman with a dangerous weapon.

One view is that in this day and age we cannot afford a U.S. heavyweight champion with Liston's unsavory record. A second is that he ought not to be allowed a fight until he can prove he is free of mob control. A third attitude is that Liston owes society nothing—he is not on probation or on parole or out on bail—and is entitled to a chance to make good. Finally, there are those who contend emphatically that they don't care what kind of man Liston may be outside the ring as long as he is a good fighter inside it.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED polled a number of prominent people, in and out of sport, on these questions. Some found the potato too hot and declined to answer. Others gave the replies listed below:



JOHN G. BONOMI, Special Assistant Attorney General, New York State, former assistant counsel for the Kefauver Committee: "I question whether Liston, as of now, should even be licensed, let alone get a shot at the heavyweight title. I don't believe he has demonstrated any real rehabilitation. Also, he hasn't gotten rid of his underworld connections."

"Here we have the specter of a possible heavyweight champion who is an example of how you can get to be world champion regardless of your personal life—it is you have enough gangster support."

"However, I don't think Liston should be barred forever. While I personally don't expect him to change that much, I think it's possible that he could get rid of his gangster associates and improve his record enough to fight in the future."



JACKIE ROBINSON, retired baseball player and restaurant executive: "Personally, I would like to see Floyd fight Liston, although I think Patterson would demolish the man. To prove himself to the public, I think Pat-

terson has to fight him. Floyd has contributed a lot to boxing but still hasn't been completely accepted. Looking at it purely from Patterson's point of view, I'm in favor of the fight. However, I am disappointed that Liston's record isn't better and realize that Patterson has to think of more people than just himself."



BRANCH RICEY, retired baseball executive: "It's plain greed on the part of somebody that brings a character of that type [Liston] into public view. I tried to believe I had enough respect for Patterson that he wouldn't

get down to that level. Boxing is sick—a messy business. I don't think any human being gets beyond the state of redemption. But I don't think Liston has given any indication he wants to be redeemed."



SIR DAVID HARRINGTON
ANGUS DOUGLAS, The 12th Marquess of Queensberry: "I would have rather thought it wasn't all that relevant whether or not Liston was a good character. If he's not in prison at the moment, he

must currently be legally straight. If he's a very good boxer, he must be entitled to a fight with Patterson. You might as well say I won't fight somebody because he's not Christian or not a white. After all, if a man breaks the world record for running 100 yards, it doesn't make any difference who he is. Your efficiency as a boxer, swimmer or runner is not terribly related to how nice a chap you are. If he's good enough, Liston should have his chance. It looks to me as if D'Amato and Patterson think Liston would beat them."



HARRY GOLDEN, author: "Does not each state have its set of rules? Why then should there be a problem if this Sonny Liston qualifies as a candidate?"

"I once sat in a pool hall and watched the great Babe Ruth shoot a game.

Such language! I knew Ty Cobb and some of the things he did. Great athletes. Marvelous. But I would not want any son of mine growing up like Ruth or Cobb."

"Ah, this Liston. Let me tell you a story. I once knew a man who raised birds. He took me to his field one afternoon, and it was beautiful with songbirds feeding. A pleasant sight. They got along beautifully, he told me, until one might brush against the

Pulermo is back in Philadelphia. Blinky, or Blink as he is known to intimates, is about to become a pressed rose in the album of social history unless he can beat a 15-year sentence in a federal pen for conspiring to muscle in on California welterweight Don Jordan. He is out on bail appealing the case and, according to one knowing fight manager, "Blink wants nothing to do with boxing or Liston. He's completely out of the picture. All he can see is those 15 years in

the can." The knowing fight manager admits that Barone was a mere front for Blink but insists that Blink's interest in Liston ended when Barone sold Liston his contract for \$75,000. The manager insists the sale really took place, although the sum of \$75,000 seems a suspiciously small price for a 50-50 share in a \$1 million-plus property like Liston. He explains that Blink was hard up for cash because of his court case. "Blink has mortgaged his house," the knowing

manager says. "The poor slob is broke—he's in tap city. He couldn't care whether Liston lives or dies." D'Amato remains skeptical. "He hasn't gone away yet," he says of Pulermo.

With Blink supposedly out of the way, three other men are left around Liston: George Katz, Jack Nilon and Morton Witkin, a Philadelphia lawyer. Witkin is Liston's attorney. (He has also represented Pulermo.) Witkin is a longtime Republican politician who served in the

continued

barbed wire and draw blood. Then the injured one is swarmed under, clawed, bitten and killed by the others. See—the man is down. Society kicks him and chains him.

"In my youth I was a great fight fan. I watched the best. A prize fight is stimulating. Dempsey. A real man. Is there any sports event which excites as much as the heavyweight championship of the world? A World Series, perhaps many thrills, but a lot of waiting in between.

"The heavyweight championship fight is something all by itself. One can sit and watch the participants come down the aisle. The suspense is dreadful and stimulating. The two men sit in their corners, and the hearts of the spectators pound. Nothing like it.

"Deny Liston, who can use his fists, this chance? Free enterprise is at stake. We need a shock to get us away from our pat attitude on values.

"We all recognize the fight game is rotten, gangsters, fixes. This Liston. Why not the right to become a champion? If he should win, would it not put boxing in its proper perspective?

"Liston, ah, Liston. Yes, let him fight. Tell them I'll be rooting for him."



BILL WHITE, first baseman, St. Louis Cardinals: "By what I understand to be the Christian principle, every man should have a chance. And I think that if Sonny Liston should become the champion it would help to further his rehabilitation—if he hasn't been rehabilitated already.

"From a sports standpoint, the man deserves a chance if he is a good boxer. I know a lot of writers like to write about 'a shining knight,' but I'm sure there have been champions of the past that were not the shining knights the writers might have made them out to be.

"Liston made some of his mistakes when he was a boy, and these should hardly be held against him. I'm sure that with so much of the spotlight on him, as it would be if he should win the title, it would make him a better man—if he divests himself

of any connection with unsavory managers. "But I don't think he would best Patterson's faster."



DICK GREGORY, comedian: "He deserves a chance to fight and he should get it. It certainly isn't up to Patterson's manager to determine whether Liston should be or shouldn't be allowed to fight.

"If there was some sort of board set up which ruled on these things, that would be all right. But no one man should be allowed the privilege of making such a decision. It's setting a bad precedent to do things like that. Why, no telling what would happen in 20 years. A guy might get a traffic ticket and find himself in all sorts of trouble."



HARRY FALK, commissioner, California State Athletic Commission: "I've worked pretty hard on this case, and I think there's a lot more to the story. . . . The manager's end, for instance, is very bad. Liston previously

had this man Barone, who was pretty well established by the Kefauver Committee as being a front for Carbo and other hoodlums. Liston was allowed to buy him off, and Barone still gets a cut from Liston's fights. For example, the Philadelphia boxing commission is holding \$18,750 from the Westphal fight to pay Barone as his share. I can't consider that as evidence of a respectable record, when Liston is still turning over a share of his earnings to underworld elements. As far as California is concerned, none of Liston's purses could filter their way into the hands of hoodlums. That's not acceptable here and it shouldn't be acceptable elsewhere. The appointment of another manager doesn't solve the prior problem.

"Even if Liston had no manager problem, he wouldn't be licensed in California at this time. He would be told to reapply at the first of next year. If in the interim he went out and got a job and behaved in an exemplary

manner, he would probably get a license. But we reject people all the time who have more savory backgrounds than Liston. I want to make clear, however, that I wouldn't bar Liston forever, just until he proved himself deserving of a boxing license. My personal view is that someone with a record of that nature will be hard to rehabilitate or reform, but I wouldn't deny him the chance to do so. If we license Liston with the record he had, how are we ever going to clean up boxing? We'll have to license everybody."



AVERY BRUNDAGE, president, International Olympic Committee: "The moral side of the sport program is as or more important than the physical side. With the tendency of the American public to make heroes out of their

sports champions it would be a flagrant mistake to permit a man with a record of this kind to fight for the heavyweight championship of the world. Amateur sports have a clause to the effect that persons of proven moral failings are not permitted to compete."



ADAM CLAYTON POWELL, Congressman and author: "I believe that it is fundamental in our democracy that every man should be given a second chance. And I also say that, regardless of Sonny Liston's past, he should be given an opportunity to prove himself and thereby have a new future. Whether he wins or loses, he will have a new future. If he doesn't have that chance, you will be sending him back to where he came from."



JACK HURLEY, fight manager and promoter: "Liston fighting Patterson for the heavyweight championship couldn't possibly cheapen and/or damage boxing any more than the free TV fights have done and are still doing."

state legislature from 1925 to 1936, and for the last five years there was his party's floor leader in the House. He is the author of the Wicket Act, a law making it a criminal offense to carry a gun without a permit, which he modeled on the New York Sullivan Law.

Witkin's main concern is getting Liston the fight with Patterson. "He's ready, willing and anxious to fight Patterson anyplace anywhere in the world," Witkin says, "and he's ready to assure Patterson that if he wins and becomes the heavyweight champion of the world he's willing to post a substantial portion of his purse, under proper conditions, that he will fight Patterson a return match within a specified time. And for this first fight he will fight under the promotion of any promoter selected by Patterson and/or his manager or his counsel." And then Witkin adds, "Patterson can't get a quarter unless he fights Sonny Liston. Who's he going to fight? If he's going to make money in '62, he's got to fight Sonny Liston. If he doesn't, the public won't go."

Liston himself has Patterson on the brain. "I've been dreaming about him for three or four weeks," he says. "It seems like it's hard for us to get together, and then we're signing the contract, and then I wake up and it's just a dream. I've never had a thing like this on my mind." When and if Liston does fight Patterson, he has no doubt he'll knock him out. Asked how long the fight would last, Liston says: "About five rounds, if it would go that far. It wouldn't go over five rounds." Liston doesn't plan to fight anyone until he meets Patterson for the title. Right now he's spending his time working out lightly in the gym a couple of times a week and taking instructions, along with his wife Geraldine, to become a Roman Catholic. (Patterson also is a Catholic convert.)

Liston is very close to Father Edward Murphy, a Denver priest who volunteered to look after Sonny when he got into a scrape with the Philadelphia police last summer. While in Denver visiting Father Murphy, Sonny became disenchanted with Katz. Liston didn't expect Katz to go with him to Denver—Katz, who doesn't like planes, trains or ships, rarely gets as far from Philly as Atlantic City—but he did expect Katz to call him on the phone to see how things were going. "When I was there, he never called me," Liston says, pout-

ing. There was also the problem of Katz's considerable ego. "If you put a thousand dollars on the table and told Katz, 'You can have this or your picture in the paper,'" Nilon says, "George wouldn't hesitate. He'd take his picture in the paper." Nilon recalls the time he was strolling along the Atlantic City boardwalk with Katz. "The fight's gotta come," he's saying. Only he's not talking to me but to all the people within two blocks. 'I'll make a champ out of the bum,' he says. 'I had Gil Turner.' I dropped back. I didn't want to be with him. I was embarrassed. In another world? He's in orbit! He's too much!"

None of this set well with Liston, who has an ego of his own. Contrary to some reports, doubtless derived from Liston's semiliteracy, Sonny is not a yea-saying Uncle Tom who can be led by the nose. He has considerable cunning and should he become the champion he would follow in the pattern of a Sugar Ray Robinson, a king whose attendants seem always to be hopping up and down begging for handouts. "This guy," says Nilon, "parts with money like a guy with no arms."

An Irish head of steam

Jack Nilon, Liston's manager-to-be, is a peppery little man with salty speech. "I'm a wild Irishman," he says. "I run with a head of steam." Now 41, married and the father of six, he is the president of Nilon Brothers Inc., Catering Engineers, with headquarters in Chester, Pa., hard by the Sun Ship Yards on the Delaware River. The company is a closed corporation owned by Jack and two of his brothers, and it now grosses "in the millions."

Times haven't always been so good. The son of an immigrant blacksmith from Galway, Jack Nilon joined the merchant marine after finishing high school and served on tankers during the war because they had "less rats" than freighters. The war over, he decided to go into business for himself. With a bankroll of only \$45, he made sandwiches and soup at home, which he peddled from a fruit stand to construction workers. Business grew quickly—"I was only 25 and kind of a hustler," he says—and he took in his brothers. Today Nilon Brothers Inc. operates cafeterias for such industrial giants as Gulf Oil and Sun Oil and runs the concessions at the U.S. Open golf tournament and the Army-Navy football game.

At the 1960 Open at Cherry Hills in

Denver, Nilon met Father Murphy, and it was Father Murphy who introduced him to Liston last year. "I never went to Liston [about managing him]," Nilon says. "Liston and Father Murphy came to me. I didn't go to them. I said, 'I'll think about it,' and the more I thought the more I liked the idea." Nilon admits he is now too managing. "I'll be frank," he says. "If Sonny was ranked No. 8, I wouldn't want to handle him. But he's No. 1. Everyone comes to him."



Nilon disavows any connection with Palermo. "Never met the guy," he says. "Never saw him. Never want anything to do with him." Asked what "elements" D'Amato fears in the Liston camp, he says, "A helluva left and a helluva right. But hell, I don't blame Cus—he took a blown-up light heavyweight and made him a lot of money." Nilon disposes of Katz, who has refused to surrender his 10% interest in Liston, with equal ease. If Katz won't give up his share, Liston

will pay him his 10% until the contract expires 18 months from now. In the meanwhile, Nilon will become the actual manager, though what percentage he will get from Liston's purses is not yet determined.

Nilon is convinced Patterson must fight Liston—"he's the biggest gate today. Don't you forget it"—but in case he doesn't, Nilon expects the National Boxing Association to declare Liston champion. As for Liston's past troubles,

Nilon says, "Sonny's nothing but a playful kid. A big kid. A kid. Why does he reach into his pocket and pull out an electric bulb that lights up? I think a new image should be created. The boy has been persecuted enough. I think Sonny respects me. I stress the point, 'Sonny, you have the world in the palm of your hand. Keep your nose clean.'

"You know, he hates Patterson. He'd fight him for a dollar. Right out in front. For a dollar!"

END

LISTON'S NEWEST MANAGER, SUCCEEDING GEORGE KATZ, IS A PEPPERY LITTLE PENNSYLVANIA IRISHMAN NAMED JACK NILON



RENAISSANCE ON SKATES

At the national championships some promising young skaters—and one star out of retirement—sought to fill the gap created by the tragic destruction of the 1961 team

In the year since the U.S. Figure Skating Team was destroyed in a plane crash en route to Prague for the world championships, the burden of rebuilding American ice skating fortunes has fallen largely upon the young and the very young—on bright children like Pammy Schneider and Scotty Allen. Last week at Boston's national championships, Pammy, 13, won the novice ladies' title and was so thrilled she pleaded with her mother to let her skate all over again. Twelve-year-old Scotty finished second to Monty Hoyt, 17, in the senior men's

division and will be the youngest American ever to participate in the world championships, next month—again in Prague. A novice champion like Pammy must wait at least two years to compete against the world.

America's only immediate hope is Barbara Ann Roles Pursley, 20. While her 7-month-old daughter, Shelley, slept at rinkside, Mrs. Pursley set out to win the senior ladies' title. After placing third in the 1960 Olympics and world championships, Barbara Ann had married and retired. Convinced that the

rigors of motherhood and skating could be mixed, she went back into training five months ago. Her efforts almost came to naught. Outrageously upbraided by officials for arriving 19 minutes late for her school figures, Barbara Ann took to the ice so rattled her hands were shaking. But she triumphed over nerves and bad-tempered officials. After pushing off gently, she inscribed her tracings with the precision of a penmanship exercise. Two days later she won the free skating as well. There is an excellent chance Mrs. Pursley will be first in Prague, too.

IN COMEBACK, BARBARA ANN ROLES PURSLEY TOOK SENIOR TITLE. 13-YEAR-OLD PAMMY SCHNEIDER (RIGHT) WON NOVICE CLASS





MEET THE WORLD'S BEST RUNNER

In the southern reaches of faraway New Zealand young Peter Snell broke the world half-mile and 800-meter records last Saturday just a week after he had run history's fastest mile

by LESLIE HOBBS

In the stretch of the Olympic 800-meter finals in Rome last year the highly favored Belgian, Roger Moens, looked quickly to his right to see if there was any opposition in sight as he headed for the finish line. In that brief instant a stocky bull of a runner, New Zealand's Peter Snell, audaciously burst by on Moens' left side and won a gold medal by a step. "He'll never get anywhere with his build," said the irritated Moens of the winner. "He is too heavy."

Two weeks ago the still little-known and still burly Peter Snell caught the whole track world looking the wrong way. In the improbable sounding locale of Wanganui, New Zealand, without advance fuss or fanfare, he ran a mile in 3:54.4, breaking Herb Elliott's 34½-year-old record by a tenth of a second.

That ended Snell's anonymity. By last Saturday, as he was ready to climax the finest fortnight a track man ever had, no one was going to be surprised by Snell no matter what he did—or weighed. He had announced he was out to break the world half-mile mark, and as 15,000 confident New Zealanders shouted him on around the firm grass track at Lancaster Park, Christchurch, that is exactly what he did. He managed it casually, effortlessly and powerfully, also setting a world record for the slightly shorter 800-meter distance en route. That made it three world records in eight days. Suddenly at 23, self-possessed, shy and likable Peter Snell, who has the legs of a shot-putter, hips so small he must have his shorts specially tailored to keep them up, a penchant for eating honey by the 60-pound tin and a nonstop attitude toward life, was literally changing the shape of foot racing's future.

At 5 feet 10½ and 171 pounds, Snell is neither built like nor competes like any famous miler of modern times. He is 20 pounds heavier than any of the others and shorter than most. He has huge and efficient leg muscles—look at them and you think of Joe Louis or Parry O'Brien—and to see him run is to get an impression of rippling motion and surging strength, rather than flowing speed. He has a limited amount of running savvy and a minimum of finesse. He simply comes on toward the end of a race to brutally overpower that combination of time and distance that is the measure of world records. To make an automotive analogy, the usual runner is like a Jaguar. Snell is a Sherman tank—with overdrive.

After a race, instead of collapsing in the traditional heap of the athlete who has given his last ounce of energy and will, Snell is hardly panting. Following his mile record in Wanganui the announcer who interviewed him was considerably more winded from the excitement than Snell was from the running. He seems to have incalculable reserves of power and stamina and enjoys developing them. Thus, the day after his record mile, Snell flew to Auckland, was driven to nearby Papakura, where he changed into track shorts and ran the last 15 miles to his parents' home in Pukekohe to tell them about his race. It is this combination of strength, youth and zeal that now leads track experts to predict that Snell may eventually break

continued

ALONE AT THE TAPE, and with the rest of the field out of sight, Snell sets his half-mile mark on the fast grass track at Christchurch.

Photographs by David Moore







THE BEST RUNNER continued

every record from 800 to 5,000 meters.

Snell's perpetual-motion attitude showed itself while he was a schoolboy and well before he took up serious running. The son of an engineer, he was raised in Opunake, a small and beautiful beach town some 30 miles southwest of New Plymouth. When he was a small boy his mother took note of his constant activity and catered to it in one striking respect. He liked honey, and she bought it 60 pounds at a time to feed to her energetic son. That was, and still is, the only dietary fad he has. Later he attended Mount Albert Grammar School (the counterpart of a U.S. high school) in Auckland, where the headmaster recalls a day in 1957 when Snell won a singles and doubles match for the school tennis team and then played a starring role in a cricket game. When the cricket was

over the headmaster found Peter running around the school track in his shorts and T shirt. "What are you doing, Snell?" he asked. "I want to keep fit, sir," answered Snell. Presumably still in the name of fitness, he became a good swimmer, an excellent boxer and a member of the school Rugby team. His tennis is so good that while in London last summer he took time off from his running to play a few sets at Wimbledon with Mark Otway, a New Zealand Davis Cup player.

Snell left school in 1957 and began training as a supply surveyor, a job that calls for estimating the amount of materials needed for building projects. At the same time, with a typical burst of energy, he helped his family build a new home in Pukekohe. Every Friday night he would take a bus from Auckland to

the town of Runciman. There he would change his clothes at the bus depot, run the 10 miles to Pukekohe, work Saturday and Sunday, run back to Runciman and ride into Auckland for another week at his job. The bus, of course, could have taken him to Pukekohe.

Snell kept up his competitive running, too, but his performances were promising rather than outstanding. Then, in 1958, after winning a half-mile event in Auckland, he met New Zealand's famous track coach, Arthur Lydiard. A former marathon runner and now a coach by avocation (he has made his living by managing a women's shoe factory and delivering milk), Lydiard is the New Zealand counterpart of Australia's fierce and demanding Percy Cerutti. Herb Elliott's coach. At 44, Lydiard is more successful than Cerutti, with five



SNELL BUILDS MUSCULAR LEGS BY RUNNING 30 MILES A DAY IN RUFGED TERRAIN. HERE HE JOGS UP HILLS NEAR CHRISTCHURCH

world records being held by his pupils. New Zealanders rather stuffily point out, however, that Lydiard doesn't talk as much about his achievements as Cerutti.

Lydiard applies to all racing the first principle of his first love, marathon running: endurance and strength will win. His training schedules call for 100 miles of cross-country work a week, a regimen few athletes have the energy or inclination to accept. (The program is somewhat helped by New Zealand's generally mild climate, which permits outdoor work all year round.) In Snell, the hyperactive housebuilder, Lydiard found an ideal pupil. By mid-1960, Snell was able to break the New Zealand record for the half mile. Then he qualified for the New Zealand Olympic team, along with such fellow Lydiard pupils as Murray Halberg and Barry Magee. Snell was

the least regarded of the three, but he reached the peak of his training in the early heats in Rome, exactly as Lydiard had planned. Before the team left New Zealand, Lydiard, a man locally famous for amazingly accurate predictions, said Snell would be the finest runner the island ever produced. Everybody assumed he was bragging and laughed at this. Then Snell beat Moens. "I told you so," said Lydiard.

Still, nobody was thinking of Snell as a champion miler. Nobody, that is, but Lydiard. Soon he had Snell back at slogging 20 miles a day around the rugged Waitakere mountains near Auckland. Snell's frequent companion was marathon man Magee, who would set a fierce pace. Snell would keep up, the idea being that he could build enough stamina running 20 hard miles a clip eventu-

ally to be able to run a single mile at a very fast pace without distress. "When it's pouring with rain, and you're bowling along, wet-through, in the dark," Snell once said of this training, "there's a satisfaction just in knowing you're out there and the others aren't."

This was the preparation that Snell took into his record mile two weeks ago in Wanganui. It explains how he could finish there with an incredible last quarter of 36.4 seconds without appearing tired, and in spite of the fact that the track was only 383 yards around, with unusually tight turns. To a 20-mile man, the mile race was a mere wind sprint.

If Snell's record surprised track followers, the reaction to it astounded Snell himself, though he was aware of the prestige of this classic distance. On the wall of the room where he boards

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with an Auckland family are clippings of Herb Elliott's mile feats, and on his bookshelf, right there with Dickens' *Bleak House* and Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends*, is a copy of Elliott's *The Golden Mile*. Yet Snell could not comprehend the international furor, the transcontinental telephone calls, the demands for pictures and interviews. "I've never been interested in world records before, but I am now," he said with fresh insight, soon after setting the mile mark. Thus began the remarkable week that was to end with two more records.

It was Sunday night that Snell took that 15-mile training run home after flying to Auckland. Monday he managed another such outing, despite the stream of interviewers and well-wishers. Then he flew to Invercargill, some 700 miles (almost the length of New Zealand), to run in a half-mile that was designed to be primarily an exhibition. He hoped to the finish in 1:52.2 as the crowd yelled "get on with it," much as it might try to rouse a lethargic boxer.

The next day, Thursday, Snell borrowed a car and drove into the rugged lake country near Queenstown for a few more miles of running, and on Friday he drove another 150 miles to Dunedin, jogged a bit for photographers and finally flew on to the site of his next record

try in Christchurch. There he stayed with an uncle, Tom Preston, New Zealand's former Commissioner of Crown Lands.

Saturday morning, with his attempt to break Tom Courtney's five-year-old half-mile record of 1:46.8 only hours away, he ate a big breakfast of scrambled eggs and obligingly drove into the nearby Cashmere Hills for more photographs and training jogs. He talked with his uncle about surveying examinations he must take (a "cadet," he is actually a student surveyor learning the profession), discussed with interest a new muscle he sees developing on the upper part of his foot behind his third toe, and proudly mentioned his elder brother Jack, a noted cricket player who attends a Christchurch university. In fact, in this family discussion a barbecue the Prestons were having that evening got as much attention and interest as the record try. Rarely has an athlete gone after a world mark with less tension, modesty or concern. "I feel if I am going to get the half-mile record I should do it now," said Snell coolly. "I am fitter than ever before."

That afternoon a brief squall broke over Christchurch about an hour before race time, slightly softening the hard grass track that has the reputation for being the country's fastest. There were

eight starters in the half mile, including Jim Dupree, the U.S. AAU 880 champion, and a surprise last-minute entry, Barry Robinson. Robinson is a fine New Zealand quarter-miler and was running in the hope that his fast early pace would spur on his countryman, Snell. It was feared Snell would require such a pace, for he apparently lacks the "killer instinct" without which champions presumably cannot win. "Snell needs someone to make him really grit his teeth and fight," said Lydiard before the race.

Snell turned the first lap in 50.5, just two strides behind the pace-setting Robinson. Then Snell went into his tremendous kick, with those powerful leg muscles churning. He flew away from the field, crossing the finish line in lonely splendor. His time was 1:45.1, a striking 1.7 seconds lower than Tom Courtney's record. His clocking at the 800-meter mark was 1:44.3. This was 1.4 seconds below the seven-year-old mark set by that Belgian who had looked the wrong way in Rome, Moens. The only other modern runner to hold the half-mile and mile marks at the same time was England's Sydney Wooderson in 1938.

After the race Snell eased his way another lap around the track while receiving a standing ovation. "Keep back! Give the man air!" shouted excited meet officials to photographers hemming in Snell, but it was obvious they needed air far worse than he did.

Equally as noteworthy as Snell's re-casting of track records and reshaping of ideas about how a runner should be built, is that at 23 he cannot be considered to have reached the peak of his ability. Lydiard is training him sternly and carefully—Snell will run in Los Angeles this weekend, but he does not plan to compete in the mile, for this would not fit the training schedule. When Snell does reach his peak, Lydiard predicts, he will run a mile in 3:48. Remembering that the four best laps turned in by top milers (Hibberson, Snell, Landy and Elliott in the order of the four laps) add up to 3:48.9, one can see just how prodigious a feat Lydiard is forecasting.

Then, finally, consider what Olympic Champion Halberg says of Coach Lydiard and his penchant for predictions. "If Arthur says a thing is going to happen," warns pupil Halberg, "then, barring accidents, it will happen." Nobody better take his eyes off fast-moving Peter Snell again. **END**

THE CURLY-HAIRED CELEBRITY (front) Openshaw shares a smile of success with the man whom he feels made all the records possible, New Zealand's now famous coach, Arthur Lydiard.



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*THE PERFECT HOUSE
ON THE WATER*



Everyone who likes to fish or cruise or just doze peacefully on a lakeshore has had dreams of someday owning a house on the water. Two such dreamers were Architects Peter W. Webb and Kenneth Mitchell, but they were not content to dream—they turned their fantasy into the handsome, practical reality below.

CONTINUED





Designed especially for Sports Illustrated and shown here in model form, the Mitchell-Webb house is a compendium of the latest and best ideas for weekend or year-round water living. Conceived to sell at about \$35,000, it is a two-level retreat for a family of four and includes everything from a flexible three-bedroom arrangement on the landward side to a sun deck that doubles as a roof for the boat dock. On the following pages Architecture Critic Cranston Jones tells more about this remarkable house, and Artist Fred Eng sketches other waterfront houses built by sportsmen across the nation

by CRANSTON JONES

On the fresh and salt waters of the U.S., according to the statisticians, there are today 36 million Americans afloat in 7 million pleasure boats. The statistics are hardly necessary. As the inboards and outboards stream by in increasing numbers on every lake and slough, it is obvious that the pleasure boat has become an accepted member of the American family—not a prestige symbol like a second car, but an object of genuine love.

As the boating boom moves into its second decade, there is an increasing desire among boat owners and users to live as much of their life as possible right at the water's edge. The fulfillment of this desire by some of them has provoked a new architectural form: the combination boathouse and home suitable for year-round living.

Although today's boathouse homes (or boat-fish homes, as they are also called) stress the pleasures of living, in their origins they are practical, many of them borrowing useful features from traditional, old-style boathouses and from fishing shacks, boatyards and sail lofts. In fact, many waterfront homes got their start when an old boathouse was converted to handle the overflow of weekend guests, or to accommodate children returning each summer with increasing tribes of grandchildren. It simply developed that eating, sleeping, fishing and sunning down by the dock was more fun than living in a cottage back under the pines.

Model by Mario Capalano

In intense boating areas, like St. Petersburg, Fla., where the water is used all year and there are 12,000 registered boats, enterprising builders are putting up homes with carpports incorporating overhead trolleys and hoists for storage of boat, motor and trailer. Around Seattle, where powerboat owners have increased 24% to a total of 250,000 in three years, architects are borrowing an idea as old as the prehistoric Swiss lake villages. They are building homes out onto Lake Washington on tall pilings. On Minnesota and Wisconsin lakes now, too, new homes hang on the edge of the water, a number of them equipped with marine railroads that trundle the boats right into the basement for the winter and some with cantilevered docks suspended over the water, out of reach of winter ice that chews up conventional pilings.

What if the best of these ideas were incorporated in a single boathouse home? In pursuit of this attractive notion, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* searched the country's boating areas for ideas and innovations (some of them appear on the following four pages), then commissioned two architects—both enthusiastic boatmen and fishermen—to work out actual plans. The architects, Kenneth Mitchell, owner of a 32-foot sea skiff, and Peter Whitney Webb, a fervent fisherman and outdoor cook, decided that their design should accommodate a family of four people and at least one boat. The family they envisioned would be fond of fishing and boating, ready for a morning dip, good fishermen who need a good deep-freeze for big catches and broad-minded

enough about food to relish a simple fish fry and also to try an occasional culinary track in an open fireplace.

The boathouse home that collaborators Mitchell and Webb worked out is a two-level design. As shown in the model on the opposite page, the principal living areas are on the upper level: a kitchen with breakfast area, a living-dining space and, extending along the far side, a master bedroom, two smaller bedrooms and a combination study-guest room. The main floor separating the upper level from the lower is essentially a 40-foot-square wood deck, onto which every room of the upper level opens. On the lower level (accessible by a staircase leading down from the kitchen) there are a storage room and a game room, and sheltered dockage for boats under the overhang of the deck (see page 23). Attached to the house by a sheltered breezeway (the sheltering is not shown in the model at left because it is an integral part of the roof, which has been removed) is a two-car garage and boat-storage area sufficient for a 24-foot cruiser, with hauling ramp and overhead monorail and hoist capable of lifting off a 75-hp. outboard.

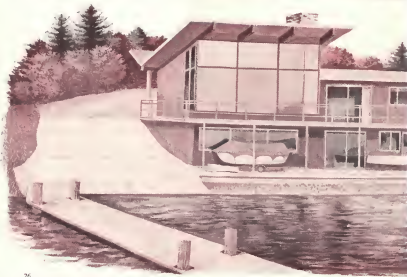
In their design Architects Mitchell and Webb were guided by the following objectives:

- 1) The house should be attractively oriented to the water.
- 2) There should be direct access from each bedroom to the outer deck, so that each boatman or swimmer can go

TURN PAGE FOR SKETCHES OF OTHER HOUSES
TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 30

PALACE ON PILINGS

A distinctive year-round house designed by Architect Charles Lawrence sits out on Seattle's Lake Washington, surrounded by water and accessible from land only by a 40-foot walkway. For the homeowner, Mrs. Richard W. Jones, the expansive view through the windows of the duplex living room overlooking the front deck and dock is a constant reminder that the lake and all its pleasures are only a step away. The upswept laminated roof shields the wide glass areas from the high, full sun. The front deck is deliberately broad, so that a fair portion of it extends beyond the shading roof, suitable for basking and for serving brunch to swimmers and water-skiing guests. There is a shower room directly off the front deck so that bathers can change without tracking through the living areas. Such elegance comes quite high. Estimated cost: \$75,000.





LAKESIDE BUTTERFLY

A difficult sloping shore site on Mercer Island in Seattle was used to advantage to create a home and private marina for R. H. Wakefield, father of three water-minded children. The architect, J. Robert McDaniel, gave the Wakefield family plenty of living space beneath the butterfly roof and a good view of the water through the living room's tall glass windows. A kitchen and master bedroom also are found on the upper level; located on the lower level are three smaller bedrooms, a recreation room and a boat shop (behind the central double doors). The Wakefields' fiberglass outboard hull and sailing catamaran are launched from the concrete ramp at the left. The ramp connects directly to the concrete lower deck where the Wakefields customarily stow their boats. The house exterior is natural wood, blending with the timbered setting. Cost: about \$30,000.

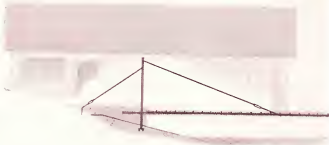
CONTINUED



BOATHOUSE HOMES *cont'd*

ICE-FREE

By elimination of pilings, the suspended dock developed by the late Howard Harvey for his Lake Vermilion, Minn., boathouse (still used by his family) minimizes damage from winter ice and waves in summer. The dock uses $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch tie rods to support steel channel beams 3 feet above water. A ramp alongside dock leads to winter storage.





HOUSE OF MANY VIEWS

The homeowner with a good view of the water in effect gets double his money's worth, for the water surface serves as a great mirror, reflecting the ever-changing look of the sky, sometimes sparkling with sunlight, sometimes darkening and ominous just before a storm. Good bathhouse architecture capitalizes on the esthetic excitement of living close to the water and also conforms to the needs of the fisherman and boatman. The summer retreat and year-round weekend house on Wisconsin's Pine Lake (left) provides ample glass to frame the view of a cove from the living room (at right in sketch), and more modestly from a bedroom on the upper level (in center of sketch). Architect Maynard Meyer has also provided the owner, who prefers to remain anonymous, with equipment required for boat overhaul and storage: a small marine railway (track sloping into the water can be unbolted and stored in winter) and a storage area near water level. Estimated cost: \$56,000.

BOATPORT

Boat Haven house designed by Builder Charles Cheezem of St. Petersburg, Fla. has a 22-foot-by-28-foot combination boatport and garage. An overhead channel beam track and two-ton chain hoist make it possible to lift large outboard motors off transom and track them back into a utility room in the rear for overhaul and storage.



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BOATHOUSE HOMES *continued*

to the water and return to his room sandy or soaking wet without moving through any other living area.

3) There should be a good overall relationship between routine living and boating; that is, traffic patterns should be clear and unobstructed between boat dock and kitchen and between boat dock and food freezer and gear lockers in the storage area on the lower level.

4) There should be sufficient kitchen area for the facilities needed for year-round cooking and sufficient area in the storage room on the lower level for full winter heating.

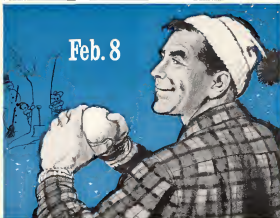
The key point the two architects kept in mind was that, although the house was intended for year-round use, the underlying atmosphere should be one of informal, weekend vacation living. They sought to respect the individual's need for privacy but at the same time created an essentially open space in which the various activities of living—eating, cooking, playing and working—could occur simultaneously.

Simple and natural

In their choice of colors and the textures of the materials the architects aimed to reflect a vacation simplicity. They chose basically natural materials—stone is used for the four pylons that serve as major supports, and wood is used for secondary support and the exterior walls. Structural details are kept simple—standard 2-inch-by-6-inch planks make up a simple hip roof culminating in a sturdy chimney that rises from a centrally located fireplace in the living-dining area. Glass is used extensively fronting on the water to capitalize on the view, but it is used circumspectly elsewhere to avoid the feeling of living in a fishbowl. The architects also felt a need for a transitional space between house living and outdoor living; to fill this need they designed the covered deck on the upper level, where the family can loiter and yet be protected from sun and glare.

In their choice of a building site the architects pulled primarily on their memories of lakeshore properties in Connecticut, Minnesota and Wisconsin. "We assumed a rocky shoreline," they explained, "a minor cove containing a small sandy beach. The lake floor falls off sharply so that a minimum of excavation would be required for docking small boats beneath the main floor

Feb. 8



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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FEBRUARY 12, 1962

deck. We also assumed a wooded area where a minimum of clearing would be required."

Land travelers enter the house by first mounting the stairs leading to the 5-foot-wide exposed deckway that encircles it. They pass through the flagstone entrance hall, where, the architects hope, the owner will be tempted to hang his prime fish trophies. As the visitor moves into the main living-dining area and comes abreast of the fireplace, he gets the full impact of the lake vista through the end wall of sliding glass doors, beyond which lies the sheltered sun deck. The simple trick of putting the house at a 45° angle to the lakeshore permits all the principal living areas, as well as the kitchen, to share the watery scene. The open relation between kitchen and living-dining area enhances the atmosphere of informality and conviviality; no one in this house is going to be shut out of the conversation, even when working in the kitchen.

Privacy is reserved for the areas where it is needed most—the bedroom-baths, including the studio-guest room, which can be closed off when needed. The bedrooms admittedly are modest in size (the master bedroom is 15 feet by 9 feet 6 inches; the other two are 9 feet 6 by 8 feet 6) but they gain an illusion of space from the attached dressing alcoves, similar in function to the bay windows found in old Victorian houses. Furthermore, one wall can easily be removed to create one big bedroom out of the two smaller ones. The dressing alcoves of the bedrooms lead directly to the narrow deck walk, which goes directly to the dock and bathing beach.

It is on the lower level that the real business of boating begins. Just inside the dock is the game room, equivalent in size to the living-dining area overhead. This is an all-utility room, with a bar just six steps from the dock, an area to be used as an extra dormitory room when needed or as a sheltered work area where the yachtsman can repair his gear or arrange his tackle. Here, too, is an extra fireplace to make the room cheery in dull weather. To the rear is the storage room adequate to accommodate furnace, freezer and washer. The fisherman can gut his catch off the end of the dock and put the fish directly into the freezer or take them upstairs to the kitchen for immediate use.

The architects assumed that the fish-boathouse owners might have a cruiser—up to 24 feet in length, a large lake

continued



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BOATHOUSE HOMES *continued*

boat. This requires a ramp, tracks and boat cradle strong enough to handle 2,000 to 3,000 pounds. They have specified an overhead monorail complete with chain hoist in the boat storage area so that an outboard motor can be lifted off the transom and onto its own cradle for overhaul. The architects envisioned a winch but, as any boatman knows, a car is an equally good source of horsepower. The combination garage and boatport is also fitted with large overhead doors to allow maneuvering with a trailer, if and when the owner decides to trailer his boat over roads to other waters.

Free of toll

The final element in the design was the landscaping. Both architects agreed that the last thing an active sportsman wants is to be saddled with the chore of clipping hedges, weeding the flower garden or mowing the lawn. In fact, here there is no grass to cut at all. The only shrub areas on the lot are between the drive and the house and along the walk beside the boat ramp; other areas are to be sown with ground cover like pachysandra or vinca, which require no maintenance.

How much would such an ideal fish-boathouse cost? Architects Mitchell and Webb estimate the cost, exclusive of site, to be about \$35,000, the exact figure depending on such fiendish variables as contractor's costs and problems of terrain. But it is a scheme that allows considerable freedom. The game room, for instance, could be enlarged. Or the whole floor plan could be flip-flopped if the orientation differs from that of the architects' imagined site. To save money—up to \$8,000—the house could even be made into a one-story structure by sacrificing the lower game room and sheltered dock area. In an area where the house did not need to be winterized, the costs would plummet accordingly. Individual family needs and desires could modify the plan considerably, but for spacious, expansive existence, combining routine living with work and play by and on water, this house is as hard to beat as it is to fault; it's a house any fisherman-boatman would gladly settle in and proudly call home. It's the kind of house, for that matter, where any guest is inclined to linger and wear out his welcome, but that's a risk that a waterfront owner has to learn to live with.

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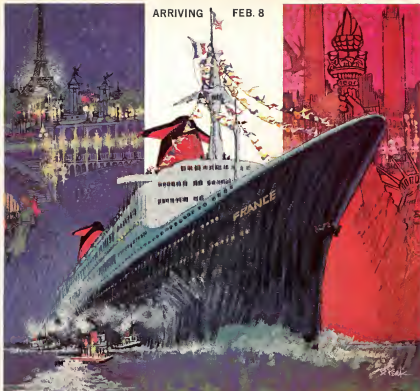
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by ALFRED WRIGHT

BIRDIES, BABIES AND LADIES



PAPA HARNEY FEEDS BABY AS MARYROSE POTT, SUSAN MARR AND PATRICIA HARNEY TEND OLDER CHILDREN

For many of golf's touring professionals, the circuit is a family affair where it's harder to change baby's diapers than to break par

In rooms 107, 108, 109, and in several other apartments of the Seal Rock Inn in San Francisco, conditions were on the cramped side a fortnight ago. One look at its glassy façade and redwood trimming would tell you that the Seal Rock is another of the thousands of modern, aseptic motels that are as frequent as empty beer cans along the highways of the South and West, and it is in just such places that the professional golfers and their families like to huddle when their tour hits town. Because the Seal Rock is only a skip and a jump from Harding Park, where the \$50,000 Lucky

International Open was being contested for four days, its first-floor patio suddenly took on the look of a nursery school playground.

Along the professional golfing trail, which winds its way across the country several times during the course of the year, some 30 to 40 itinerant families with children ranging anywhere from 6 weeks to 6 years try to scratch a living with Daddy's golf clubs. "We figure," says blonde, 24-year-old Susan Marr, whose husband David won \$18,408.81 in 36 weeks of touring last year, "that if we can get by on \$200 to \$250 we've had

a good week. That means paying for doctors, entrance fees, caddies, rooms, meals, gas, laundry—everything. David says if you can't live as well as you do at home, you shouldn't be out here."

Living near the Marrs during the Lucky were the Johnny Potts and the Paul Harnays. Down the road a stretch at the Pacifica Motel were the Tommy Jacobses, the Mason Rudolphs, the Don Whitis, the Bert Weavers, the Husson LaClairs and the Gay Brewers. These and other couples with small children like the Don Fairfields, the Gary Players and the Howie Johnsons often make a point of booking into the same motel, not just for the mutual companionship but also for the convenience of being close to others with the same problems.

Like bedouins and gypsies and the folk of other traveling civilizations, the

continued

souring golfers have customs, habits—even an argot—that set them apart from the people through whose communities they pass in their endless trek. “I needed a permanent last week,” Maryrose Pott was saying the other day, “so I traded Iris Fairfield a walk for a beauty parlor.” What she meant was that she looked after little Jeff Fairfield so that Iris Fairfield could follow her husband around the golf course, and an exchange Iris looked after little Jay Pott (John Pott Jr.) while Maryrose was at the hairdresser.

Unlike more permanent American communities, there are virtually no socioeconomic strata in the world of the touring pros. Gary Player, who won nearly \$70,000 last year, lived on just about the same level as Tommy Jacobs, who won less than \$13,000. The only noticeable difference was that the Players always had to hire a second motel room because they had an English nanny traveling with them to look after their two babies.

Even though Arnold Palmer is the reigning tycoon of the tour these days, with an income 30 times more than that

of the average pro, he lives like all the other young marrieds when his wife, Winnie, is along. Winnie can't travel full time anymore, however. Like the Lionel Heberts, the Doug Fords, the Art Walls, the Gene Littlers and many more of the veterans, the Palmers have a child of school age. The mothers all must stay home except during school vacations.

“I'll never forget the first time I saw Winnie Palmer,” Maryrose Pott was reminiscing recently. “She was pregnant and feeding a child in a motel restaurant, and I wondered whether that's what my life was going to be like. That's the way it turned out, of course, and I love it. I don't think any of us would be really happy just being ordinary housewives. I guess the guys think of that before they ask us to marry them.”

How they met

Alongside the saga of Dave and Susan Marr, the weekly TV travails of Dobie Gillis and his beatnik pal Maynard are as uneventful as an afternoon nap. Back in 1958, when they first met, Dave was a young teaching pro at the Rockaway Hunting Club just outside New York City and Susan was working at NBC as secretary to Pat Harrington Jr., the television comic who was then appearing occasionally on *The Jack Paar Show*. Harrington frequently played golf with Marr and decided that the two young people should meet, although Susan didn't know a tee from a Broadway subway. But that's the way it is with most golfers' wives; among them, only Joan Ragin, Vienne Player and Ann Stranahan have ever given par a serious tussle.

After nearly two years of courting around New York, Dave left Susan to join the tour in California. Susan by then was an associate producer, and she followed Dave west to work in a Victor Borge spectacular. Two years ago this week they were married in Palm Springs, where the tour was making a station stop. “There wasn't much time,” Susan recalls, “so I had to propose to David before they moved on.”

When the tour reached Portland, Ore., that fall, Susan was six months pregnant. It looked as if she would be able to have the baby at home in New York during the off season at the end of the year. “Usually,” according to Maryrose Pott, “a wife goes home about six weeks before she is going to have the baby, and she can come back about six weeks after



LEAVING MOTEL for tournament, Paul Hareny kisses his wife during family send-off.

LOADING WAGON, the Dave Marrs transfer purchases earned in the Gary Player's prism.



it's born. And I can tell you, those three months away from our husbands are the grimmest we ever have to spend.”

In Susan's case, however, the baby decided to be born prematurely right there in Portland. “David got hold of a doctor through his amateur partner in the pro-am they were playing on the day before the Portland Open started,” Susan recalls. “We had to leave the baby in an incubator in Portland for two more months, so there wasn't anything for me to do but rejoin David. Every two or three days we would phone the hospital to find out if Elizabeth was all right, and finally we were able to go back and get her when she could leave the incubator.”

Throughout the 1961 tour the Marrs were three and began to live more closely with the other young couples who traveled with them. “It's not as bad as you might think,” Susan says. “We always try to stop at a place where we can get a room with a kitchenette or a little cooking unit, and although it costs \$2 more you can save a lot more than that just cooking your own breakfast.”

“I'll say you can,” put in Maryrose Pott. “Just this morning it cost \$4 for breakfast for John, me and little Jay.”

“We always carry the baby's food in a

basket with us in the car," Susan went on. "And then we carry things like bacon and eggs and bread and flour and a few cooking utensils. During the day while David is out playing, I can get the week's laundry done at a laundromat, and I bring an iron with me everywhere. The motel almost always furnishes an ironing board. The money I can save on things like laundry nearly makes up for the extra cost of having me and the children on the tour. We're not deductible, you know."

Late last year, while the Marrs were staying in an apartment they now maintain in New Rochelle, Susan had her second child, David Marr III (David Marr Sr., who was a golf professional in Dave's home town of Houston, died in 1948). In order to cart Baby David around the circuit in their station wagon, the Marrs borrowed the convertible pram that the Gary Players used for the same purpose last year. On the highway the crib can be lifted off the pram's folding undercarriage and placed on the flat bed of the wagon. Little Elizabeth, now 16 months old, rides in a small chair that attaches to the front seat between her mother and father.

Following the prevailing custom, the Marrs normally depart for the next stop on the tour as soon as Dave has finished his final round of the current tournament. Although it may mean sitting in the car for several hours with the children until Dave is ready to go, Susan has to check the children and the pram and the luggage and the groceries and the toys out of most motels by Sunday noon in order to avoid paying an extra day's rent. Then, if the next tournament isn't too far away, they may arrive by bedtime.

"Most of the men like to take a day off from golf on Monday," Susan says. "Sometimes we have to spend part of Monday on the road, but if we don't we try to get some of our business done that day, like sending our accounts to the man who handles our

money and makes out our tax returns."

At the motel the wives always have their hands full. The children must be fed, the marketing done in a strange city, the golfers' slacks kept clean and pressed (for there isn't a more meticulously turned out group of men this side of Savile Row) and the hair put up in curlers in case everyone suddenly decides to go out on the town that night. But mainly it is a job of looking after restless young children. Maryrose Pott has a particular problem. Her son Jay "has had it in for little girls lately," as she puts it. "Only last week he took a swipe at the little Harney girl." But as long as Jay can prowl around the motel courtyard on his tiny tricycle he seems perfectly contented.

The baby-sitting problem

If a wife wants to "walk" with her husband and can't arrange with another wife to watch her children that day, she hires a baby sitter. "Most places are very good about baby sitters," Susan Marr reports. "They have a list of sitters

who are always available, and they stand behind them. You hardly ever have any trouble that way.

"Conni Venturi, Joan Sanders, Shirley Casper and Winnie Palmer walk more than the rest of us," Susan went on. "But, then, they can afford baby sitters a little better than most of us. And don't forget, when your husband earns as much as theirs do, you're not so nervous every time he makes a shot."

When the husbands arrive home after a round of tournament play, most wives can tell at a glance how well they've done. "They don't talk golf too much," says Maryrose Pott. "Maybe for about 15 minutes they'll tell you what happened, but they don't replay the round for you. They don't talk nearly as much about their golf as amateurs do. Of course, if they've had a really bad round, they may not want to talk at all."

"Except for Mason Rudolph," put in Susan Marr. "He'll come in the room and say, 'I shot an 81 today' and laugh his head off."

After dinner, which more often than not is cooked in the motel room, either television or bridge is the staple entertainment. "The children don't seem to mind the noise a bit," says Susan Marr. "In fact, I think they get so used to us they sleep better on the road than at home."

"We're so close to our husbands," adds Maryrose Pott, "living with them day after day and week after week in motel rooms, that we're really lost when we're away from them. Vivienne Player really dies when she's away from Gary."

"There must be something to this life," Susan Marr says. "Look how our bachelor group gets smaller and smaller. Tony Lema and Jim Ferrec are about the only ones left."

Sally Jacobs, Tommy's wife, summed it up with a note of defiance in her voice. "I'm proud of being a professional's wife," she said. "I like the life, and I'm proud of my husband. I wouldn't have it any other way."

END

"WALKING" on another day with husband Paul, Patricia Harney, who had arranged for free time to see tournament, follows practice drive.





CHARLES GOREN / Bridge

Fresh attack on the invincible Blues

A bold group of young Americans stands between Italy's famous Blue Team and a fifth successive world championship in the Bermuda Bowl tournament this week

For nine days beginning this Saturday the entire bridge world will be following the flickering lights on the world's biggest bridge table, set face-outward on the stage of the Barbizon-Plaza Theatre in New York City. On this 9-foot-by-9-foot Bridge-O-Rama, some 500 kibitzers actually seated in the theater will be able to follow, play by play, the 1962 World Bridge Team Championship for the Bermuda Bowl.

This is the 11th edition of the toughest and perhaps the most exciting of all championship bridge events. Representing the U.S. is a brand-new team selected in a unique manner by a special playoff match held in Houston last November (SI, Dec. 4). Our players will be meeting the defending world champions, Italy; the current European champions, Great Britain; and the Argentine team that won the championship of South America. What are our chances?

In the 10 previous Bermuda Bowl contests, we were victorious the first four times but never since. Over the past six years we have been defeated once by England, once by France, then four consecutive times by Italy's famous Blue Team. Five of the six Italian players, as well as their non-playing captain, Carl Alberto Perroux (don't underestimate the importance of his role), have been on the Blue Team throughout and will compete again this year. They are Walter Avarelli, Giorgio Belladonna, Egenio Chiaradia, Massimo D'Alelio and Pietro Forquet. The sixth man, young Benito Garozzo, demonstrated by his fine play in last year's world championship that the team has not suffered through his addition to the lineup.

The Italians are a strongly disciplined team of three long-practiced partnerships. They play two different and highly exotic systems. I am convinced that these methods do not confer any special advantages save one: familiarity. The players who have used these complex systems for years know more about them than do opponents who, however expert, lack long experience in competing against them.

Artificial systems are rigid; they also convey a great deal

of information to the opponents. In addition, the Italians are not as young as they were six years ago when first they began to win, and stamina is an important consideration in an event that requires the playing of 432 deals in nine days—144 each against three different sets of opponents. I do not believe that the Italian powerhouse is invincible. Nevertheless, on past performance, it would be injudicious to select another team as favorite.

Before nominating second and third finishers, I want to name my candidate for fourth place: Argentina. I watched and played against the Argentine team in Buenos Aires last year and I have the highest regard for the skills of Alberto Berisso, Carlos Cabanne, Ricardo Calvente, Arturo Jaques and Egisto Rocchi, all of whom have represented South America in previous Bermuda Bowl contests. With the addition of a brilliant young ex-Italian, Luis Attagüile, they may surprise one of their opponents. However, it is my judgment that they still lack the sustained experience against strong opposition essential to victory in a world championship contest.

That brings us to the British team and to our own. Also to what I think may prove to be a serious blunder by my friend Terence Reese, generally conceded to be England's best player and analyst. Members of virtually every British international team of the last decade, Reese and Boris Schapiro have been the "automatic" first selection. Neither one took part in the Team Trials that produced the current British lineup: Albert Rose and Nico Gardener, who played for England on the team that finished second in the 1960 World Bridge Olympiad; Kenneth Konstant, who helped win the Bermuda Bowl for England in 1955, playing now with Claude Rodrigue; and teammates Alan Truscott and Anthony Friday, with Louis Tarlo as nonplaying captain.

Our own team trials in Houston resulted in the selection of Eric Murray, Toronto and Charles Coon, Boston; G. Robert Nail and Mervin Key, Houston; Lew Mathe and Ron Von Der Porten, respectively of Los Angeles and Oakland,

Riding high on glass

With a limber pole and some good advice, a marine corporal twice broke through the 16-foot barrier

The first time John Uelses tried to vault over 16 feet, he failed in the delicate coordination of speed, balance, strength and patience that is required to manage the flexible fiber-glass vaulting pole he uses. Mostly he failed in patience.

He scrambled out of the pit at Madison Square Garden, where he was competing in the Millrose Games, and walked over to Aubrey Dooley, who is his superior officer at Quantico, Va. Marine

Lieutenant Dooley gave Marine Corporal Uelses (pronounced *Yool-selz*) a few words of advice. John picked up the dark-brown glass pole and returned to the runway for his second try at 16 feet and a quarter of an inch.

"I told him to wait longer for the kick from the pole," Dooley said. "On fiber glass you have to wait and wait and wait and then you have to wait a little longer. He rushed that last vault

and threw his feet into the crossbar."

Uelses stood quietly about two-thirds of the way down the 140-foot board runway. As he composed himself, Dooley said, in a very quiet voice, "He's going to make 16 feet tonight. You watch." Uelses did not make it on his second try, however. Again he failed to wait for the glass pole to uncoil and give him the extra flip of momentum he needed to get over.

Again he came over to Dooley and talked briefly and seriously for a moment. "I told him to wait, keep his shoulders parallel to the ground and pray," Dooley said. "He needs all the help he can get on this one."

This time Uelses waited. The brown vaulting pole bent in a deep, taut arc, and Uelses hung on it upside down for what seemed a long time until the pole snapped straight. Uelses pulled himself up into a handstand at the top of it, legs aimed at the smoky ceiling of the Garden. Then, in a quick rush, he was clear over the crossbar, with inches to spare, and dropping down.

In the sudden rush of well-wishers and photographers toward the pit someone knocked the crossbar off the standards. This set off a 24-hour flurry of speculation as to whether or not Uelses would be credited with his world indoor record, because the bar could not be measured again after his vault. Uelses himself seemed shocked when he heard this.

"What should I do, coach?" he asked Jumbo Jim Elliott, the Villanova coach who had Uelses under his care on the American track team that competed in Europe last summer.

"Keep your mouth shut," Jumbo said. "Just tell them you'll do it again."

Uelses followed Elliott's advice. "If this one doesn't count, I'll do it again," he said. Then, the next night in Boston, he did. This time he cleared 16 feet $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch, and no one knocked the crossbar down.

It is understandable that Dooley, Uelses' teacher, seemed a bit wistful after his pupil's success. Dooley was one of the first successful riders on the whippy fiber-glass pole. Only his inability to run fast enough kept him from 16 feet. "Speed is an essential on this pole," Dooley said after Uelses' vault. "I can run a hundred in about 10.3. John does it in 9.7. When you plant this pole, it's a soft plant. It bends immediately and takes up the shock of forward momentum and translates it into lift. The old,

POLE ARCS SHARPLY AS UELSES SOARS TOWARD HISTORY'S FIRST 16-FOOT VAULT



stiff poles transmitted all the jar of the plant to your arms and shoulders, so that sometimes speed might be a handicap, unless you were unusually strong—like Don Bragg, for instance. John's speed gives him a hell of a lot of lift. And he learns fast. I worked with George Davies [who holds the pending outdoor record of 13 feet 10¼] for three months. John learned everything I could teach him in three weeks."

Uelses is a handsome, neatly built 24-year-old who was born in Germany and came to the U.S. in 1949. He attended the University of Alabama a year before entering the Marines. When he gets out about a month from now he will go to Southern Illinois University, where he believes Coach Lew Hartzog can help him with his vaulting. Uelses looks like a pleasant cross between Cary Grant and Henry Fonda; now 6 feet 1 and 171 pounds, he will probably add weight in his chest and shoulders—which may put a bigger strain on the flexible pole but will surely give him more lift.

"I think 16-6 is in reach for me," he said after his first vault over 16 feet. He may have underestimated his potential. At the top of his vault in the Garden he had six inches between himself and the crossbar.

Another vaulter who seems sure to hit 16 feet soon is Dexter Elkins of Southern Methodist. Elkins, vaulting in one of the very successful indoor meets held this winter in Texas, tried 16 feet ½ inch in Dallas on the same night Uelses did 16 feet ¼ inch. On his last try Elkins knocked the crossbar off coming down. He tried to reach Boston the next night to compete with Uelses, but his plane was grounded in Chicago. He suffered a fate similar to Parry O'Brien, who reached Madison Square Garden during the Millrose Games only moments after 19-year-old Gary Gubner, a sophomore at NYU, broke O'Brien's world indoor shotput record.

Parry was been trying to get out of Los Angeles for 24 hours; he may have been lucky in failing, since he preserved a long unbeaten streak indoors by not meeting Gubner that night. The tremendously powerful youngster put the leather indoor shot 63 feet 10¼ inches; this is within inches of the farthest distance that Parry has put the shot outdoors. Gubner could be the first man to hit 70 feet. After Uelses' vaults and Snell's two races in New Zealand, we may have to forget about many other supposed limits in track events. **END**



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HORSE RACING / Whitney Tower

No class on the Coast

The best of the Derby hopefuls in California is Florida-owned, while Hialeah brims with talent

Californians who remember storming Churchill Downs with colts like Hill Gail, Determine, Swaps and Tony Lee are in a smog of despair about this year's Kentucky Derby prospects. Today's California-based 3-year-olds are completely overshadowed by Hialeah's Ridan, Sir Gaylord and Crimson Satan, to say nothing of the Florida bench strength represented by such colts as Remy Lake, Jaipur and Dead Ahead.

"Out here we're all just hoping we have a Derby horse," said Veteran Trainer Charlie Whittingham last week. "Most years we're right along with Florida. This year we may find we're running in short drawers."

However, there may be a silver lining to the smog. As Santa Anita Racing Secretary Jimmy Kilroe puts it, "There's a lot of depth in our 3-year-old division, though we haven't yet established what sort of top quality we've got." One of the reasons for this, in the opinion of Mash Tenney, trainer for the huge Rex Ellsworth stable, is that more trainers than ever gave their colts long breathers after the Del Mar season last September.

"Trainers and owners," says Tenney, "are learning by experience that horses aren't machines and that they need rest. Last fall a lot of horses who normally would have gone to the races in the San Francisco area were instead given longer rests in preparation for the tough 3-year-old year ahead. It's true that many of them may be no good, but it's also true that many of them haven't had a chance to prove it one way or the other."

The California winter hero was to have been a brown son of Determine named Donut King. Instead, thus far, the hero has been a Florida-owned invader named Admiral's Voyage. Already a two-time stakes winner in 1962 and a favorite in next week's San Felipe, Admiral's Voyage is a big (1,205 pounds at the last

weigh-in) well-made, extremely sound animal who loves to eat and loves to run, too. He is owned by Fred Hooper, the Coral Gables, Fla. construction company executive who suffered such miseries a year ago while his courageous Crozier was being outphotoed all over the lot by a little champion named Carry Back.

Some people think that Admiral's Voyage isn't going to relish distances beyond a mile, but Hooper has an answer: "We had a tough time teaching him to take back and run from behind, but Braulio Baeza, who seems to fit him perfectly, mastered this trick. Now, as long as he doesn't have to burn himself out on the front end, I see no reason why he shouldn't go as far as he has to."

Donut King ran a very creditable second to Crimson Satan in The Garden State last fall. Earlier he won the Champagne Stakes at Aqueduct, beating Jaipur, Sir Gaylord and Crimson Satan. No other colt accomplished that. However, shortly after going back into training in early January, his left hind heel became infected. This set him back so much that he'll be lucky to get even one six-furlong start before the end of the Santa Anita meeting.

A few California colts of equally promising breeding are slowly gaining experience by running regularly against each other. First is Neil McCarthy's Royal Attack, a son of Royal Charger and winner of four out of seven starts last year. This powerfully made colt has the look of a real runner. Olman Howard Keek has a potential classic horse in Calgary Brook, who rates attention on breeding alone. He is by Tom Fool out of a Bull Lea mare (a breeding pattern almost identical with that of the Derby winner Tim Tam) and has shown occasional bursts of brilliance. Others who may make it to Churchill Downs are C. V. Whitney's Rattle Dancer, King Ranch's Full Regalia and a bay son of the sprint champion, El Drag, called Doc Jockey. At this stage, however, California's best hope is for something terrible to happen to the Florida opposition. **END**



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COUNTRY BOOTS TURN CITY SLICKERS

Rugged boots which won their spurs in miles of riding, hiking and fighting country mud and snow today are marching colorfully down city streets in a new—and welcome—fashion parade. Shiny rain boots are replacing galoshes, and jodhpur boots are serving walkers as well as they have always served riders. The Newmarket boot, long the favorite at field trials, is being taken up by city women for rainy days, and



PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD JEFFERY

SPORTING LOOK / *Jule Campbell*

cowboy boots are traveling from ranch to ski slopes for after-ski. In the foreground below, protecting the slim legs of a tall sportswoman, are trim canvas-and-rubber Newmarket boots (Miller's, \$8). Behind them, from left to right, are a few of the styles for men and women on the move this season. The red patent boot is lined in jersey (Capezio, \$30). Denim cowboy boot has copper rivets (Justin, \$30). The black rubber boot has a walking heel (U.S. Rubber, \$9). There are elastic gores on the red boot (Sandler

of Boston, \$13). The strapped jodhpur boot is being worn with business suits (Justin, \$30). The chukka boot has a crepe sole (Church's of England, \$19). The woman's rain boot is hunter's yellow (B. F. Goodrich, \$10). The Botte Sauvage is custom-built and used anywhere from field trial to safari (Gokey, \$57.50). English stable boot is of seamless rubber (Miller's, \$6.50). Sleek jod boot has elastic sides (Miller's, \$24). The Wellington boot, favorite of World War II flyers, now comes in reversed cowhide (Justin, \$16).





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If they can walk and talk, they're ready to ski

Before you get too far into this thing, are you sure you want your child to learn to ski? Think of money. Think of outfitting a child for skiing. And outfitting him (or her) again next year. And the next. And every year thereafter in which he grows or her figure changes. Think of lodging him in the mountains, feeding sides of beef to his mountain appetite. Think of long journeys in the station wagon to the ski area and of the curious insanity that creeps over families confined in a small vehicle for several hours.

Consider how you, the parent, will stand up under the impact of your child's first broken ski, his first ripped stretch pants or the doctor's bill of \$150 for a cast.

After you have considered all these things, you are ready for the proposal I am about to make: as one who has survived and enjoyed the status of motherhood on the slopes, I honestly recommend teaching your child how to ski. If you take my advice, the next challenge is equipment. You will want nothing less than the best gear for your child. "Best" does not mean "most expensive" or "most elaborate." Sturdy leather boots that fit are imperative. Single boots are fine—much more practical for youngsters than the fancy double boots, and good imported models may be had for about \$15 or \$20. Fit them over a single pair of heavy Norwegian natural-wool socks. If you have to settle for Orleons or two pairs, be supercareful about wrinkles and folds that can mean blisters in half an hour.

Skis now come ready-made with cable bindings, plastic bottoms (no waxing) and steel edges (essential even for 5-year-olds). For the young beginner, they should be shorter than he is tall. Don't let an ignorant salesman give him skis that reach his lifted hand. Your child's legs are too short to cope with skis

An instructor (a mother of two) insists that the proper place for skiing parents is on the slopes, teaching their children how

measured by an adult rule. Perfectly adequate skis cost less than \$20. Cable bindings purchased separately may come to \$5. Toe irons are fine for preschoolers, but with the longer legs and the increased leverage and speed of later years a properly adjusted toe-release binding may save both his tibia and your pocket-book some pain.

Be absolutely certain the bindings are mounted with the toe of the boot behind

the halfway mark—even if it makes the tails look ridiculously short. Because of the odd look of very small skis, some manufacturers still put the binding platform too far forward, which makes it much harder to learn to turn.

From the start, put your child in good ski pants. Blue jeans soak up water as efficiently as a kitchen sponge. Stretch pants are best for children. They're warmer, stay drier, the fabric is more

continued

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SKIING *continued*

durable. Best of all, they grow with the growing child.

He must have long johns. The fishnet type are best, but flannel pajamas with knit cuffs do welcome double duty on a ski trip. You (and the youngster) may be glad to have two pairs of longies for him when the sun doesn't shine. Many loose, light layers are what you want in dealing with variable temperatures. A wardrobe consisting of a knit cap, wool-lined leather mittens, goggles, a fishnet top, long johns, one light and one heavy sweater and a nylon parka generally proves adequate for the range of temperatures you will probably encounter, with the possible exception of extremely cold days, which require a quilted parka.

Cheaper by the dozen

Good rentals for children are unreasonably hard to find. It is far more practical to buy. Many ski shops let you trade in outgrown equipment and clothing on new gear. And their trade-ins may be available for purchase. It may help to join a club and get to know other skiing families for private hand-downs. Families with lots of children are in luck on skis and boots, which go from boy to girl to boy in the hand-down process.

Once they have the right clothes and equipment, children will take to the slopes like young snowshoe rabbits. They are natural skiers, with physical equipment grown-up beginners envy. Children's flexibility, low center of gravity, larger impact area in a fall, short, thickly muscled legs, subcutaneous fat all operate in their favor. In families that start skiing together, children of 6 to 10 usually surpass their elders after a lesson or two.

But remember—children, like batteries, need frequent recharging in cold weather. When they seem tired or complain of cold, don't hesitate; take them indoors, heat them up in front of a fire and feed them hot drinks. A child may have up to twice the skin area of an adult, relative to body weight or volume. His heat loss is consequently enormous. He makes up for it, partly, with a higher metabolism. But this means, too, that when he is tired he is closer to exhaustion.

However, if you keep a close watch on children, they can start skiing almost as soon as they can walk—or as you can

get them into the snow. Even a 2-year-old will surprise you by being your most persistent skier. Once he learns to get around, skis are much easier than feet in snow.

Start them at any age, but before they are in their teens, preferably, if you envision a future Olympian in your household. Expose them to skiing. Let them watch other children on skis. Let them walk around on the level. They'll let you know when they're interested in advancing into more complicated maneuvers. But don't push. It's for fun, and there is really no other point, is there? Your young child, walking on skis that work, will want to do himself what he sees others doing. He'll insist on closing his own binding just as he insists on feeding himself. If he sees other children in ski schools, he'll want to join them. Let his eagerness bubble over, and you'll have a skier on your hands.

Actions speak louder

When you are with him on the slope, don't explain with words, show him what to do by actually doing it. From the level, take him onto a slight incline. Show him a herringbone and a sidestep: he'll do one or the other. He will learn by imitation, by watching, by trying it himself. If you stand around talking about the art of skiing instead of doing it, he may get cold. Certainly he will get bored.

If he is faltering, help him. Hold his hand if he wants it. In a snowplow, offer him the strap end of your ski pole or, better yet, something as insubstantial as a scarf or a ribbon to join the two of you.

Manipulation may help his quick kinetic senses when he seems to be stuck; for example, show him how to position his feet and knees by holding them for him, while you ski beside him. Put his skis between yours to show him the snowplow, or hold his tips together while you ski backward. If he tends to stick his weighty tail out behind to steer with, like a little kangaroo, he's normal. If you resort to gentle swats on it to remind him to keep it in, you're normal.

When he wants to ride the tow, let him, but go up with him. Put his skis between yours, and be prepared to support him at every point. A small child can get tangled up in amazing ways—*absolutely no poles or loose clothing* for either of you on a rope tow. The more he skis without poles the better his balance will be anyway. They are the most dangerous part of skiing for

little children and are fairly useless except in climbing.

If there are some other parents with children around, collect the youngsters together and start them playing games on skis. Borrowing all the poles to make an obstacle course is a good way to get rid of the poles. Then let them try follow-the-leader, fox and goose or short (20 yards) races. Take them for walks through the woods, tracking new snow. Let them pause to investigate animal and bird tracks, to make and throw snowballs, to dig holes and write in the snow.

All small children ski with their feet about two feet apart, their arms held out wide for balance. Don't interfere too soon with that wide-open snowplow. It is probably the only way a child can learn to turn. Get him to make tighter turns (a slalom can help) and come back to side-slipping every time you get a chance on a steeper slope. You'll be amazed at how quickly young children will slide into Christies. But they'll still keep their skis apart until they straighten up and get their waists farther from the ground than from their heads.

Don't insist on perfection before moving on to the next step. On the contrary, frequent changes of pace will keep him interested. A fairly good rule in teaching up through the early teens is to try something different every quarter hour.

If progress lags or interest flags anyway, give your young skier a glimpse of the future. Take him to a race, preferably a junior race or jump. Later, if he wants to race, let him. And if he fails to show up at the finish line, don't panic. His zipper may be frozen open. Excitement has a strange effect on some zippers.

If you want to pay for lessons before your child is in his teens, do not let him join a class of adults. Grown-ups are fragile and tender and don't learn very fast. They do a great deal of standing around, listening to long technical discussions and verbal critiques. An action-packed child gets bored.

When he moves into advanced classes, when he takes his skiing very seriously, your young skier can cope with adults in a class situation. Incidentally, when he has really mastered Christies, he'll need longer skis—for a preteenager, about six inches taller than he is, no more.

You may not have an Olympian, you may not want an Olympian, but at least you will be giving him the requisite early start—an opportunity to join the racing circuit or simply to enjoy the mountain wildernesses in winter.

END

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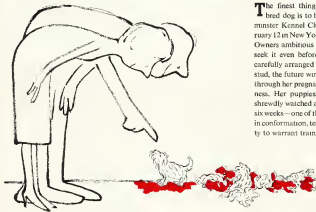
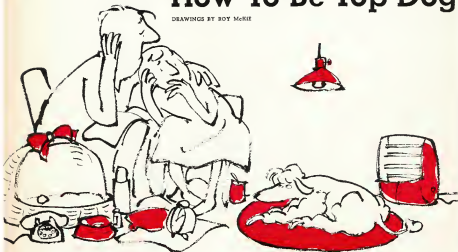
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How To Be Top Dog

DRAWINGS BY BOY McKIE



The finest thing that can happen to a well-bred dog is to be named "best" at the Westminster Kennel Club Show, which begins February 12 in New York's Madison Square Garden. Owners ambitious for this honor must begin to seek it even before their dog is born. After a carefully arranged mating with a championship stud, the future winner's mother must be nursed through her pregnancy with patience and tenderness. Her puppies, once they arrive, must be shrewdly watched and evaluated until—at about six weeks—one of them displays enough promise in conformation, temperament and general quality to warrant training him for top competition.

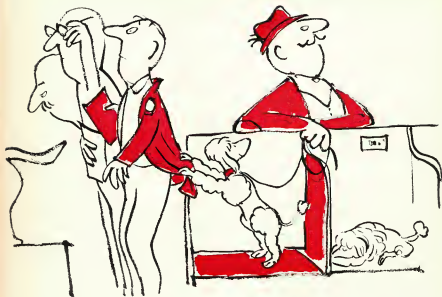
at Westminster



The first difference between a future champion and an ordinary dog is his name (see page 59). Soon after his birth he will be registered with the AKC as, say, Cap Gris Nez Jumping Jacques. But for his first six months at home he will be called Jumpy and will live much as any other pet. He will be played with and petted and taught basic good manners. Then, at the age of six months, no longer just Jumpy but a dog with a mission, he will be packed off by tearful owners to begin the arduous training for his professional career in the home of an expert handler with whom he will practice and practice the exacting techniques of his trade.



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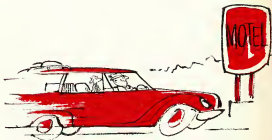


Many of the future champion's early lessons are concerned with making a good impression on show judges, for a puppy's behavior at his first show often determines the course of his entire future career. Despite the distractions of other dogs and the irritating scrutiny of the public, the ambitious pup must maintain an alert and attractive front at all times. When at last he is led by his handler into the show ring, he must submit with grace and good will to the most intimate and probing inspection. He must maintain his dignity, face his judges squarely and preserve an appearance of self-confidence even if he is nervous.

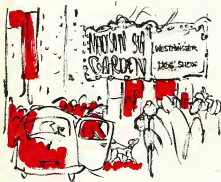




With the capture of his first blue ribbon, the future champion has committed himself for months to come to the restless life of a traveling professional in any sport. Along with his handler, he may cover as many as 2,000 miles in a month, making appearances at dozens of shows, spending night after night in strange motels across the country. As he accumulates more ribbons, his scrapbook will bulge with press clippings and his bankbook will begin to swell with fees paid for his services as a likely progenitor of other future champions. By midwinter of his second year on the road he should be ready to attempt the big time.



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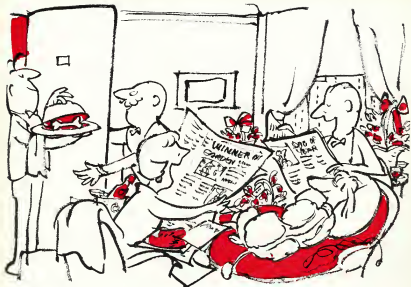


At long last, having acquired sufficient show points and, in all likelihood, the right to use a patent of nobility before his name, Ch. Cap Gns Nez Jumping Jacques will arrive at the Garden. There he will encounter more people, more dogs, more noise and more excitement than he ever thought existed. Quartered in the biggest basement he has ever seen, he will be forced to endure the attentions of swarms of baby-talking women and badly behaved brats. Each time he sees the ring it will seem bigger. But if the years of apprenticeship have made him a true pro, when at last he faces the top judge in this giant ring he will be at his absolute best. Then a head will nod, the crowd will roar and victory will be his.





CONTINUED



With the great prize secured, the fringe benefits of stardom will be quick to follow. Newspapers, magazines and television will proffer large checks for the privilege of claiming that the champ eats their products or sleeps on their cushions. Hotels that frown on run-of-the-yard pets will solicit his custom. But while those who have helped to achieve his triumph will revel in the sudden surge of popular acclaim, the champion himself will accept the homage paid to him with equanimity. For perhaps the finest measure of this true champion's right to be called top dog in the nation lies in his ability to remain through it all a true dog.

Near the end of the third act of *King Lear*, the old king, the Fool and Edgar stumble out of the storm on the heath into a farmhouse. Lear, who is now completely out of his mind, conducts a ghastly travesty of a trial, bringing a gray cat to justice and pretending it is his daughter. "My tears begin to take his part," murmurs Edgar (aside), and there follows what the romantic critics of the 19th century considered one of the finest examples of Shakespeare's humanity and his genius in Lear's lines:

The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.

The greatness of the passage is in its simplicity and its unexpectedness: the names of the dogs. These dogs are not merely dogs, a part of the background, noisy and obstreperous, but distinct and personalized dogs, and Lear's affection for them is understood by anyone who ever loved a dog of his own.

But suppose Shakespeare had given them names like those that are now given to American show dogs:

The little dogs and all,
Foggyfurze Sugar Puss, Temple Bells of Blossom Lea,
And Wee Bit O'Honey of Winki-Poo, see, they bark
at me.

These are the real names of dogs who have figured prominently in modern dog shows, and with names like that it wouldn't have mattered to Lear whether they barked or not. Only in the past few years have fancy and bizarre or ridiculous names been used. They are not found in literature, or in dog shows until around the early 1920s. Names in the past were simple, like that of Argus in the *Odyssey*, weak and crippled with age, who still recognized Ulysses when the wanderer at last reached home. Homer could hardly have called him Robbie's Heavenly Daze (by De Karlos Dashaway out of Robbie's Kiss of Allah), the proud label of a champion cocker. The homely old bulldog in Dickens' *Oliver Twist*, whose blood-red paw prints reveal that Bill Sikes is a murderer, was named Bull's-Eye, not Mi Little Wee Wee's Cricket—another name found in a recent dog show. When Scott put a dog in *Guy Mansergh* he named it Wasp—"Wasp, man! Wow, but he's glad to see you!"

Almost every newspaper account of a best-in-show these days ends with a revelation that in the privacy of the home the winner is known as Spot or Buster, no matter how high-toned his registered name may be. This is hard to believe. In simple decency, where but in the privacy of the home should a dog be called, for example, Tippy Tju Tooco of Knollcrest? People who will so affront a pet are quite capable of rubbing it in: "Good boy, Blithe Arpeggio of Hob-

by Hol!" "Fetch the ball, Sharevalpod Call Me Madam!"

Names like those given to Pullman cars are now registered for all breeds. There is a famous Dalmatian named Racing Roadster in the Valley; a Boston terrier, Toosie Oh Gurl; a beagle, To-Bar-To Little Monkey; a basset hound, Siefen-jagenheim Lazy Bones; a fox terrier, Welcome Here and Now. *The New York Times* recently opened a report of an all-breed event in these terms: "Ch. Gay Boy of Geddesburg, a peppy beagle, proved today to his new owners . . . that they made a wise purchase when they acquired him six weeks ago. Moving with his white-tipped tail pointing straight up, as if to say, 'See, boss, this'll get the attention,' Gay Boy trotted off with the best-in-show award." Gay Boy of Geddesburg is a restrained name compared to most these days, but it still reflects the essential change from the old simplicity and its purpose. There was once a more meaningful relationship between dogs and their masters and mistresses, and the names that the dogs bore reflected it. If Ulysses' dog had been named something like Prince Argo Naughty Boy instead of plain Argus, he wouldn't have recognized Ulysses at all. He would have been in there eating and drinking with the suitors. Probably he would have been

continued

SHOW DOGS' NAMES SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG

by ROBERT CANTWELL



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DOGS' NAMES *continued*

strutting around with his tail pointing straight up, as if to say, "See, boss, this'll get the attention."

There was a good reason why dogs' names were originally simple: they had to be words that could be yelled loudly and that the dog could understand. Fido, which has now disappeared as a dog's name, was derived from the Latin for faithful, and Ponto came from the Spanish *punta* (point). Tray is believed to have come from the Spanish *trase* (fetch). The favorite hunting dog of Cheops, about 5,000 years ago, was named Abakara, and another Egyptian hunting dog, pictured under the chair of his master and believed to have been a basenji, was named Xalmes. Alexander the Great's favorite dog was Peritas. A dog wearing a silver collar was found in the ashes of Herculaneum; his name was Delta. Even the Arabs, who loved horses and hated dogs and never named them, made one exception—a dog named Kimer, who appears in the Koran and who was admitted to Paradise by special fiat.

In this world or the next, then, all names of dogs were traditionally terse, functional and plain. And so are they now for mongrels and dogs named by children. Janice Paprin, who recently combed through the license applications of the 260,000 licensed dogs in New York City for the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, found that Skippy, Lucky and Butch, in that order, are the most popular dog names. The nationwide sampling of a Philadelphia dog-food manufacturer gave Lady and Tiny as the two most popular. Queensie, Lassie, Trixie, Duchess, Brownie, Rusty, Spot, Ginger, Tippy, Rex, Champ, Rocky, Wolf, Ace, Frisky, Sparky, Bullet, Cyclone, Candy, Satan, Mux and Mischief are current favorites among the children-owned mongrel dogs that are licensed.

The trend toward complex names for show dogs can be traced back to the beginning of dog shows. The first ever held opened on June 27, 1859 in Newcastle, England with 60 entries, all simply named (the winner was a setter named Dandy). There were 267 dogs in

the 1860 dog show in Birmingham (638 two years later), and it was won by a great bloodhound named Old Druid. Later winners had such simple names as Cheerful, Bonfire, Grouse, Silk, Baltic and Gruff. In the great London show of 1863, in which there were 1,214 entries (and £1,000 in prizes), a greyhound bitch named Breach of Promise turned up. I believe this is the first instance of a duplex, or multiple-word, dog name found in the history of dog shows. Such names remained very rare for a long time. Typical names were Valiant and Brimstone for deerhounds, Brilliant and Modesty for beagles, and Panch, Twig and Door Mat for Scotties. The list of winners was one that Shakespeare might have had a hand in: Quick, Cossack, Gambler, Cuba, Vocal, Slim, Barmaid, Swede, Venom, Fussy, Venture, Brag, Trout, Shink, Lawless, Giddy, Rat Trap and Quiz.

But in 1871 there was a greyhound named Creeping Jane, who was first in Birmingham, with Great Confusion second, an ominous portent. The first American dog shows were held in the 1870s, and by that time whimsical or grotesque names had become fairly common in England, though still confined by real or assumed characteristics of the animals and further controlled by the strong English literary and poetic tradition. In a dog show in Baltimore in 1877 the winning Irish water spaniel was named King of the River, but most names were common: the best native-bred English setter was Tell, who won a double-barreled breech-loader for his owner, and the best Chesapeake bitch, Bess, won two kegs of dog powder. These early American shows lacked the hauteur of the British variety, and the prizes were useful objects donated by the manufacturers, such as patent medicines, salves, flea powder, firearms, shot and a case of stuffed birds. King of the River, for example, won a sealskin cap, an ice-water pitcher and \$10.

The registering of dogs by the English Kennel Club started 14 years after the first dog show. The first dog registered was Prince Louis Napoleon's Abeille, a black and tan bloodhound, whelped in 1865. When dogs began to be registered in the U.S. in 1878, the volumes of the English studbook already contained an imposing collection of pedigrees. The

continued

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DOGS' NAMES continued

first dog to be registered in the U.S. was Adonis, a black, white and tan English setter. A portrait of Adonis hangs in the library of the American Kennel Club in New York. He looks as if he were about to make a speech.

In view of this late start, it is not surprising that show-dog names followed the English pattern. If there were few really indigenous names, there were nevertheless many with a certain native slant to them: beagles named Hawkeye, Phantom, Ringleader, Tariff, Comedy, Dazzle and Whang; Bedlington names like Chemist, Hard Tack, Postmaster and Schoolmarm; fox terriers called Burslesque and Cribbage. Dog No. 100 in the American studbook is Duke, No. 200 Prince Draco, No. 300 Bee, No. 400 Jessie, No. 500 Rose, No. 600 Jeff, and so on through one plain name after another all during the early years.

The commonest explanation for the recent growth of fancy names for registered dogs is that all the good simple ones have been taken. Rules for names of the American Kennel Club specify that a name once registered can't be

changed. A name cannot contain more than 25 letters. It cannot be the name of a famous living person. And after 20 dogs in one breed have been given the same name, that registration is closed and no further registrations under that name are permitted. That is, there could be collies called Lassie, but the second was officially known as Lassie II, the third Lassie III, and so on. In 1905 the 17th collie bitch named Lassie was registered by B. W. Camp of Asheville, North Carolina. When Lassie XX was registered soon thereafter, the name was taken off and there can never be another registered Lassie. Yet it can be questioned whether the popular names, with a few such exceptions, have been exhausted. General Lee was long a favorite name for bloodhounds in the South, for example, but by 1920 only three General Lees had been registered.

Certainly the rule alone was not enough to account for the proliferation of exotic names that began about that time. There had been names like Cymbaline, Nettle, Pig Wag, Haphazard, Milwaukee, Wag Wag, Ajax, Bowsprit, Zack, Landlord, Mermaid, Vexation, Cigarette, Royal Flush, Butterfly and Gig-

gles; now there appeared such gems as Freedy Sneezy, for a Boston terrier, Aranos Behave Yourself, for a beagle, and airedales with such cognomens as Angle Iron Princess Nancy and Bartlett's Khyber Swiveller. In the 1940s and 1950s characteristic entries bore such names as Anthem O' The Prairie, Damsel Silence Is Golden, Monsere Gee Gee Frisco, Ann Gateau Glace de Ganneit, The Westminster has boasted such headliners as Mar Ein's I'm the Guy, You'll Do de Luchar, Ledahof Light of Love, and Caledonia Apple-of-My-Eye, not to mention Ricochet Goody Gum Drop. At present it seems fashionable to include words like Certainly or Unquestionably, and before long, if this trend continues, a whole litter may be given a continuous sentence at birth, with the names all joined to make a slogan detailing the worth of the kennel or celebrating the maker of a nourishing dog biscuit.

All this is a long way from Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, a long way from

Yes, I ken John Peel and Ruby too, Banter and Royal and Bellman so true

and possibly a long way from dogs. The dilemma of a dog owner trying to think



AUTOMATIC HEADLIGHT CONTROL

of a good usable name is now so great that a new profession is coming into existence, that of the professional dog namer, who, for a fee, dreams up a good name embodying the dog's ancestry and characteristics. The profession was started by a grandmother, Mrs. Carolyn Babson, who owns a kennel in Batavia, Illinois. She named her bassetts for famous highwaymen and highwaywomen—Bold Turpin, Moll Cutpurse of Fleet Street, and so on. Word of these names got around, and Mrs. Babson was overwhelmed with requests from owners to pick likely names for their dogs. At first she did so for nothing, but in 1957 began to name dogs as a commercial enterprise. Mrs. Babson's orders for dogs' names come from all over the country. The fees that she charges are paid by the owners to humane societies.

She studies eight languages and uses folk songs and old music generously for her inspiration. Her names are tasteful modifications of the prevailing long-name trend, sometimes artful, sometimes ingenious, and often of such nature that one wonders why the owner had not thought of it himself. It appears that some owners are a little overawed by the wealth of foreign phrases now found in

dog-show catalogs and feel that they need help in coming up with something similar.

And why should there be a stupefying whumy, or outright gibberish, attached to an otherwise unblemished animal? Part of the reason lies in the changing position of dogs from household pets to prize specimens; the complex or idiotic names reflect a lack of uncomplicated affection. The only really scholarly treatment of the reasons for dogs' names seems to be a paper called "Cyno-Psychosis: Children's Thoughts, Reactions and Feelings toward Pet Dogs," by a psychologist named W. Fowler Bucke, who flourished around the turn of the century. After studying the replies of 1,200 schoolchildren to various questions about their dogs and why they named them as they did, Dr. Bucke concluded: "There is, with children, a sense of fitness recognized, which affords an idea of what some of the qualities are that stand out most prominently in the dog's personality. . . . Looking at the list of about 800 names for this pet, a clue to his friendship with the race may be found."

And all of the children were aware of dogs' changing expressions, noticing joy, sadness, love and the fear of thunder. They tried to equate a reaction to some valued canine quality in the names they chose. The universal tendency, Dr. Bucke decided, was for the name to suggest "a recognition of personality, be it great or small, commendable or objectionable." Children, then, named dogs the way Indians named warriors, for some quality they were supposed to possess or for some experience undergone or overcome. About a hundred of the children based their names on visual evidence, calling their dogs Beauty, Diamond, Sparkle, and so on; in this category were the most familiar of them all, Blackie, Spot and Brownie. Almost the same number, or about 12%, were childish attempts to find something suitable for canine poise and dignity: Noble, Queen, Judge, Victor, Rex and Admiral Dewey. But most of the names reflected attempts to get at traits of character, in names like Sport, Tramp, Sly or Buffalo Bill.

None of the children named any of the dogs anything like Tutu Solid of Elsinore News.

Thank heaven,

END

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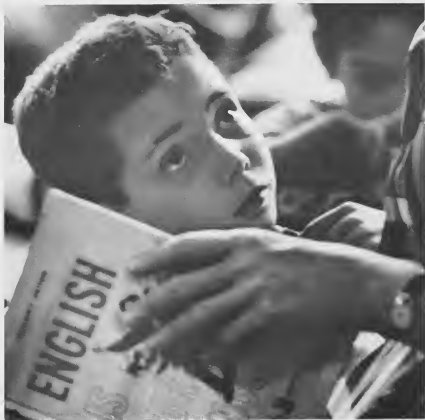
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To Keep in Shape: Act Like an Animal

So says Joe Pilates, a unique man with an unusual system of exercise called controllogy

by ROBERT WERNICK

There is a happy band of people in this world, of which I am one, who are distinguishable anywhere by their springy step and "saved" look, a look that marks them off from contemporaries who shuffle and shamble in languid corpulence beside them. We know that we are saved because of our faithful sessions at the Joseph H. Pilates Universal Gymnasium on 5th Avenue in New York City. For it is there that Joe Pilates, a

white-thatched, red-cheeked octogenarian, and Clara, his wife, and Hannah (she came in for a lesson 25 years ago and stayed on) bark their stern commands as we twist and complain through the exercises forming the core of what Joe, with his Germanic taste for scientific nomenclature, calls controllogy.

Don't ask me what controllogy is. Don't ask Joe either, for orderly exposition is not his specialty. Controllogy has something to do with rational tension and relaxation of the muscles, and it comes from a profound knowledge of bodily kinetics learned in no classroom. Joe figured out the principles, he says, three quarters of a century ago in Germany by watching children at play and animals in the forest. Later when he was a boxer and circus tumbler he found his

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Act Like an Animal *(continued)*

exercises relaxed him after an exhausting day. Later still, interned with his circus and hundreds of other Germans on the Isle of Man during World War I, he took charge of physical training, and no man, he says, who exercised by his principles came down with influenza in the great epidemic.

But what are the principles? "It's all up here," Joe says, pointing to his head. You won't get them out of a book, you have to show up in person in the temple



PILATES SHOWS PUPIL HOW IT'S DONE

of contrology, a block up from Stillman's, a gym run on very different principles, and let Joe's scornful finger prod your poor bare flesh.

"Typical," he says in his ringing Teutonic tones, "Just like all of them! Americans! They want to go 600 miles an hour, and they don't know how to walk! Look at them in the street. Bent over. Coughing! Young men with gray faces! Why can't they look at the animals? Look at a cat. Look at any animal. The only animal that doesn't hold its stomach in is the pig. Look at them all out on the sidewalk now, like pigs."

"By exercising your stomach muscles you wring out the body, you don't catch colds, you don't get cancer, you don't get hernias. Do animals get hernias? Do

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED FEBRUARY 12 1962

animals go on diets? Eat what you want, drink what you want. I drink a quart of liquor a day, plus some beers, and smoke maybe 15 cigars.

"So you want to learn. Lie down on the mat. Don't flop down, go down smoothly, like this, cross the arms, cross the legs. So. Now, legs in the air! Grab your ankles! Of course, you can't reach them, no American can. All right, grab your calves. Make it your knees. Straight the knees? Bend forward? Now reach! No, you have to think first! Think! Up!"

It takes months to learn exactly which



PILATES WORKS HARD ON THE AUTHOR

straining set of muscles and tendons is the object of that up!

In the meanwhile, you are ever under someone's scornful eye and encouraging grunts, learning the Pilates ropes—the varieties of pulls, twists, bends, crouches, which he claims use 25% more muscles than circus acrobats and from two to four times as many as any form of athletics. No jumping or running; in fact, almost everything is done flat on your back or your stomach so as not to strain the heart. No weights ("Do animals lift weights?") No bulging biceps—Joe is interested mainly in all the body muscles that hold you upright. The exercises are graduated and have whimsical names: the Teaser, the Forward Rocking, the Hanging, the Saw.

continued

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Cincinnati, O.	Pick-Fountain Square	New York, N.Y.	Belmont Plaza
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Columbus, O.	Pick-Fort Hayes	Rockford, Ill.	Albert Pick Motel
Columbus, O.	Nationwide Inn	St. Louis, Mo.	Albert Pick Motel
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East Lansing, Mich.	Pick-Motor Hotel	South Bend, Ind.	Pick-Oliver
Evansville, Ill.	Pick-Georgetown	Terre Haute, Ind.	Albert Pick Motel
Flint, Mich.	Pick-Durant	Toledo, O.	Pick-Fort Meigs
Huntsville, Ala.	Albert Pick Motel	Topeka, Kan.	Pick-Kansas
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Act Like an Animal *continued*

Looking down from the walls of the gym are paintings, photographs, sculptures of Joe, naked or loinclothed: spear-fishing at 56, representing the Spirit of Air on the floor of the Nebraska state capital at 60, javelin throwing at 70, skiing at 78. There are also photographs with admiring testimonials from distinguished alumni—Yehudi Menuhin, José Ferrer, Roberta Peters—and photostats of newspaper articles describing the horrors of American posture. Through sweat-filled eyes, as you are upside down on one machine, you might see a famous ballerina or actor bent double on another machine. They all receive the full lash of the Plutonian philosophy:

"It's the stiffness. You must open the chest more, two inches more. Up! No! With *this* muscle!"—poking a protuberance about his midriff that will never exist on you or me—"straight the knees! Where are you going—like an elephant?"

"Oh, Joe," wails a ballerina, "now you're calling me an elephant."

"I wouldn't insult the elephant. An elephant could walk through this room, and you wouldn't hear it. An elephant walks delicately. But you—clump, clump, clump! Americans! Baseball players! No wonder they come to my gym with arthritis! Ulcers! Animals don't have ulcers! Animals don't go on diets! Straight the knees! Out the air!"

The final accolade

So the minutes pass—flipping and wriggling through the Corkscrew, the Jackknife, the Seal. It's not cheap (\$5 a session, which lasts about 45 minutes), but as you go your two or three times a week, the weeks become months, and the abuse becomes interspersed with a few gruff congratulatory murmurs. Kindly Clara will admire your new sleekness, gruff Hannah will say, "Well, about time." Perhaps your head is a little higher in the street, above all the young gray faces. Aches and twinges disappear. A day comes when you are able to get your ankles into two loops hanging down from above, stretch your body, grab two up-right poles—and climb up. You reach the top with grunts of pleasure and suddenly whoop in terror. "How do I get down?" "The same way you got up." Down you come, hand after hand, with gasps and moans and a final yell of triumph. In the hush of admiration Joe bellows out his final accolade: "Now you are an animal!"

END

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL—**NBA**. With Bill Russell back in the lineup, Eastern Division leader BOSTON had just inside waiting for a win. Boston defeated Philadelphia last time of the day. But Gerry Armstrong and Johnny Kerr 23 on Syracuse went on a scoring rampage and won their out of four. Armstrong 151 points a game, the Bulls scored 90 or more points in all but four of 16 games. New York allegedly fired head coach, was only two of the 135 3-pointers made, only one of the 100 3-pointers made. The Bulls scored 90 or more points in all but four of 16 games. New York allegedly fired head coach, was only two of the 135 3-pointers made, only one of the 100 3-pointers made.

SOFTBALL—**Rohr**, a 40-foot yard dagnard and captured by TED BODD of Marlborough, Mass., was in only one in the 403-mile St. Petersburg-Los Angeles yacht race. With a combined age of 48, 38, Rohr finished ahead 50 minutes in front of Peter Tiger.

SOCCER—**After** a friendly day because of bad weather, FRANK SCHILLER (aged the No. 1 German) led to victory in the world four-man championships, in Germany-Panama under Germany. Schiller's shot, trailing 2:100 second after the first of two runs down the mile course, won by his own second over Italy's No. 1 crew, which was piloted by Sergio Zardini.

GOLFING—The National Bowling League, already reduced from 80 to a team and forced to play its schedule from the day a week to two, was in danger of losing another entry. J. Carlos Sanchez, owner of the Dallas Broncos, tried to regroup his team after releasing five players when they refused a salary.

BOXING—**JOEY GIAROLLO** won an unpopular split decision in a middleweight bout against Henry Hank, in Philadelphia. Frank the second round, but Hank had little chance to see him, but he finished strong to arrange an earlier loss in Hank. RALPH DUPAS, abandoning his heavy feynow because he felt "huggers" made the move, "acted as a mad dog" when he was knocked out in a welterweight fight, in New York.

DOG SLED RACING—**KENNY** and KATHY HUGHES, 15-year-old twins from Manassas, N.Y. were winners in the Arctic Dog Sled Club race, in Colden, N.Y. Using a team of six Siberian huskies and an Alaskan husky in a lead dog, Kenny and Kathy charged through the course, the two, wooded 15-mile course twice in an aggregate time of 1:31.56. The prize rule was won by Kathy, whose three Siberian huskies needed only 9:45 to complete two runs, over a 15-mile layout.

GOLF—**ARNOLD PALMER** fought from three strokes back on the fifth and final round, shot a 3-under-par 69 and won the \$50,000 Phila Springs Golf and Pine Springs 1-11. Palmer finished 342 for the 90 holes but won three strokes ahead of Gene Littler and Jay Hebert and brought him top prize money of \$3,350.

HOCKEY—**College**, a three-point goal from the left side by Wayne Matthews and 40 years by Coach Larry Kneib helped from missing Cornell tie Harvard with its first Ivy League loss in two years. The COLGATE finished in 19th place, 47 goals, 13 victories by winning Army 4-4. MICHAEL 19-140 hits Michigan State 5-3 and 5-1, and MICHAEL 111-101 wins defeated North Dakota 6-2, as they continued to dominate the Western College Hockey Association.

SOFTBALL. After 12 games without a defeat, MONTE TREL last to New York for the first time 2-1. The Rangers used a borrowed goalie (Marcel Poff) of the AHL in place of the injured Gary Wenzel. Second-place Toronto won just once but tied Chicago by eight points. The Black Hawks won the first of the first four games of the season, 4-0, at Detroit. In all the Red Wings, who fell to fifth, lost three of four, beating only Boston, which dropped four straight.

HORSE RACING—**QUEEN AMERICA** (514), with 10 straight wins, won the \$4,000 and \$1,000 Royal in the \$2,100 Santa Margarita Handicap, at Santa Anita. The 6-year-old mare covered the mile course in 1:40.5. EUREASIA (59-40) finished 4 of a length ahead of Le Lion to win the \$35,000 Bismarck Handicap, racing the 4-year-old in 1:56.5, with Bill Harrah, up at Hialeah.

WINTER SPORTS—**ALAN CONNELL**, in a Massachusetts-made the last 21 times in the Harry Hight before winning the 95-mile national sports car championship at Daytona International Speedway. His average speed of 181.240 miles per hour set a course record.

SKATING—**MONTY HOYT**, 17, finished first in both the compulsory figures and free skating to become the nation's youngest figure skating champion, in Detroit. Twelve-year-old Scotty A. also finished first. MRS. BARBARA ROLES PURSLEY, housewife in Squaw Valley, won the women's title, with Laurene Harton second. Hoyt, Purseley and Miss Hanton were among those named to the American team that will compete next month in Prague at the world championships. ELODY DEBERLY and MRS. JEANNE OMBEL, ENCHUK, both 16-year-olds, with the senior men's and women's national compulsory figure skating championships, in St. Paul. Mrs. Ombel, competing again after a year's suspension for complaining about officials, broke her own record by 1/30 second with a 3:04.4 performance.

SHINING—**MARIANNE JAHN**, a 19-year-old Austrian, won the special skaters and covered jumping in the Grand Prix race, in Saint-Gervais. France's Barbara Fennes of Hovington, Mich. was second in both categories.

Austria's KARL SCHIBANZ wonched through 62 times along a track-diamond course on 2:28.27, finished in first of Brundage's Michel Anon to win the game of the 1966-67 season in the Midwest. Ernest E. R. ALAN of Austria won a regional station race on the fourth and final day of the Middle competition, but Schibanz still finished first in the overall standings. Randy Wente of Solonville Springs, Colo. was fifth in the final rankings.

SWIMMING—**DIERHILF ACADEMY**'s 200-yard middle relay team of David Hoff, Dick Boardman, Eric Klesowinski and Gary Thompson set a national prep school record for that event with time of 1:45.3, in Deerfield, Mass.

TENNIS—**LISLEY TURNER** defeated Madeline Schuch 6-3, 6-2 for the women's singles title in the event, last week, at the championships. Then, in a semifinal, the two Australian girls won doubles from the United States. The girls were Doreen and Madeline Schuch 4-6, 1-6. LINDA EVANS of Australia won the men's singles by defeating Irina Kuznetsova. Kuznetsova 7-5, 5-7, 5-7. She also teamed with teammate ERIC STOLTE in winning the doubles from Krishnan and Narek Kumar 6-3, 6-2, 9-7.

TRACK & FIELD—**John Lusk**, 16, first 400-yard sprint and Gary Gidner's 400-yard 100-yard sprint in New York's Midway Games were both new records (see page 42). A night later in the Boston A.A. meet, Lusk vaulted 16 feet 10 inches and Gary Gidner vaulted 16 feet 10 inches. The Midway events Frank Budd took the most part of a 1-1 winning the 60-yard dash. The first runner, with Ron Delaney running a 1:51 half mile, won the 400-yard dash. The 400-yard dash, won by George Kerr, who had never lost outdoors, was defeated by Jack Yarnall's clutch drive and 1:11 time in the 400. Pete Ciochi won the 100-yard dash in 4:08. A 16-year-old freshman won John Thomas, whose 4-foot 10-inch high jump was two inches less than Bob Assen's winning leap. Thomas also cleared 6-foot 11 inches and finished first in Boston. Among other repeat winners were Jones 15 for the 45-yard dash, Budd 15 for the 50-yard sprint and Yarnall 11 for another win over Kerr. PETER SNELL broke two world records in one day, running 500 meters in 1:44.1 then 1,000 meters in 3:50.3 in Christchurch, New Zealand (see page 16).

GYMNASTICS. MODENA of Russia matched Betty Cuthbert's 6.9-point high record of 7.2 for women at an indoor meet, in Moscow.

WRESTLING—**MARKEE ROSE** and SHELTON, New York Giants, pushed to Wanda Lee McGee, for the first time, the first time Mike McGee, in Luck Summit, Mo. The couple met when Sheldon, 25, went shopping in a Kansas City hardware store and was wanted by Wanda, 18. BERNARD PAUL McRAE, 52, in his fifth year as basketball coach at Eastern Kentucky State College, because of ill health, stepped down from his post, as assistant for almost five seasons, who took the job for the remainder of the school year.

HERB LLOYD EATON, in charge of Wyoming's defensive line for five years, as the Cowboy's new head coach. He succeeds Bob Denney who accepted the head coaching job at Nebraska.

FACES IN THE CROWD

YED GUNNIF, 17-year-old junior center for South Boston High School hockey team, who practices shooting by slinging pizza off the wall of a building, scored 13 goals and one assist in a single game in league play, including one from center ice, 80 feet away.

JOHN ROLLAND, 59-year-old Montreal insurance broker and one of the oldest rackets players in North America, won the Western Amateur singles at Detroit, beating William Cutler, his junior by 22 years. Said Rolland: "Find a man's weakness, then drill at it."

ALBERTINA NOYER, of Arlington, Mass., a freckle-faced 13-year-old, celebrated her birthday a week late by winning the eastern regional women's figure-skating title at Lake Placid, N.Y. She is the daughter of her free-skating, after finishing third in compulsory figures.

THOMAS BERG, coach of track and field at Galtville College, the world's only college for the deaf, was named small-college coach of the year by the Rocker Club in Kansas City after he led a U.S. team to a second-place finish (Russia won) in Helsinki's Deaf Olympics.

GLORIA CLARK, in her second year as the Sports Publicist and Director for St. Louis University's Billikens, known best for their basketball teams, became the only woman in U.S. Basketball Writers Association, an organization consisting of more than 700 men.

JERRY MOSHER, son of a teacher in Woodland, Calif., a basketball, swimming and decathlon prospect as well as northern California's football lineman of the year, was named league captain and end on the Wigwam Wisconsin High School All-America football team.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

10—Robert F. J. Moore; 11—Wanda Lee McGee; 12—John Lusk; 13—Mike McGee; 14—Lusk; 15—Lusk; 16—Lusk; 17—Lusk; 18—Lusk; 19—Lusk; 20—Lusk; 21—Lusk; 22—Lusk; 23—Lusk; 24—Lusk; 25—Lusk; 26—Lusk; 27—Lusk; 28—Lusk; 29—Lusk; 30—Lusk; 31—Lusk; 32—Lusk; 33—Lusk; 34—Lusk; 35—Lusk; 36—Lusk; 37—Lusk; 38—Lusk; 39—Lusk; 40—Lusk; 41—Lusk; 42—Lusk; 43—Lusk; 44—Lusk; 45—Lusk; 46—Lusk; 47—Lusk; 48—Lusk; 49—Lusk; 50—Lusk; 51—Lusk; 52—Lusk; 53—Lusk; 54—Lusk; 55—Lusk; 56—Lusk; 57—Lusk; 58—Lusk; 59—Lusk; 60—Lusk; 61—Lusk; 62—Lusk; 63—Lusk; 64—Lusk; 65—Lusk; 66—Lusk; 67—Lusk; 68—Lusk; 69—Lusk; 70—Lusk; 71—Lusk; 72—Lusk; 73—Lusk; 74—Lusk; 75—Lusk; 76—Lusk; 77—Lusk; 78—Lusk; 79—Lusk; 80—Lusk; 81—Lusk; 82—Lusk; 83—Lusk; 84—Lusk; 85—Lusk; 86—Lusk; 87—Lusk; 88—Lusk; 89—Lusk; 90—Lusk; 91—Lusk; 92—Lusk; 93—Lusk; 94—Lusk; 95—Lusk; 96—Lusk; 97—Lusk; 98—Lusk; 99—Lusk; 100—Lusk; 101—Lusk; 102—Lusk; 103—Lusk; 104—Lusk; 105—Lusk; 106—Lusk; 107—Lusk; 108—Lusk; 109—Lusk; 110—Lusk; 111—Lusk; 112—Lusk; 113—Lusk; 114—Lusk; 115—Lusk; 116—Lusk; 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Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE WEST

For weeks Oregon State had been quietly knocking over all comers. Even Coach Slats Gill, an old hand at the basketball business (34 years), was ready to admit that this was his best team ever. Last Friday at Eugene, the eager Beavers showed how good they really are. While 7-foot sophomore Mel Counts and 6-foot-7 Jay Carty swept the boards, State shocked Oregon with a fast break, Carty flipped two-hand jumpers over the Webfoots for 25 points, and the Beavers won 79-63. Next night at Corvallis, it was Counts's turn to devastate Oregon. After a desultory first half, he roamed the pivot for 26 points as Oregon State won again, 82-66, for its 13th straight.

Only one thing was certain in the Big Five: It would take more than a big reputation to catch front-running UCLA. Coach Johnny Wooden knew that he had to stop USC's Big John Rudometkin to win. His Bruins did. Fred Slaughter, a tenacious 6-foot-5 sophomore, harassed Rudometkin in the pivot and broke down USC's planned attack, and Playmaker Walt Hazzard moved the Bruins in and out of fast breaks and screening patterns. Meanwhile, pop-shooter Johnny Green hit his first six shots, went on to score 28 points, and UCLA upset the Trojans 73-59.

Perhaps the Skyline Conference won't be embarrassed after all by having a second-place team represent it in the NCAA tournament. Colorado State U, slumping badly for weeks, suddenly came alive against tournament-banned Utah. The Rams didn't quite handcuff Billy McGill, who broke away from his tormentors for 30 points, but they did surprise the Utes, 74-39, to take over first place. Now the battle was between CSU and Utah State, which had its troubles before ailing Cornell Green came off the bench to lead it to an 83-79 overtime win over Denver. The top three:

1. OREGON STATE (16-1)
2. USC (10-4)
3. UTAH (10-3)

THE SOUTH

Kentucky's volatile Adolph Rupp had the SEC eating out of his hand. Georgia Tech and Florida tried to hem in Cotton Nash, Larry Pursiful and Rupp's other fine players with a zone, but it was like trying to snare wildcats with a mousetrap. They drove through it and shot over it, and Kentucky won 71-62 and 88-69. In between,

Georgia succumbed 86-59. Mississippi State and Tulane were still in contention, and Auburn was not far off, but it would take a super effort to beat the Wildcats.

With North Carolina coming up, Duke Coach Vic Bubbs had a problem. Art Heyman, his top scorer and driver, had a sprained ankle. But the Tar Heels unwisely helped him solve it by shifting from a box-and-one to a man-to-man. Bubbs simply used Heyman as a decoy and put Jeff Mullins in the driving position. Mullins scored 24 points, and Duke beat North Carolina 79-57 to hold its lead over Wake Forest (which beat South Carolina 78-74 and Clemson 83-82) in the ACC.

Virginia Tech lured Southern Conference leader West Virginia to Blacksburg for the first time in seven years and then, while a screaming crowd of 10,000 made enough

noise to raise the roof of Tech's new gym, upset the Mountaineers 85-82. Davidson, stroking merrily after losing its first six games, whopped Georgia Southern 84-64, Fresno 71-57 and William & Mary 61-54 for its 11th straight. The top three:

1. KENTUCKY (18-0)
2. DUKE (14-1)
3. MISSISSIPPI STATE (16-1)

THE MIDWEST

Big Ten teams were finding out that there is just no way to stop all the Buckeyes of Ohio State. Purdue tried it by collapsing three men on Jerry Lucas and they held him to 13 points. But Mel Nowell slipped in 29 from long range, Doug McDonald added 19 from closeup, and OSU won 94-73. Northwestern had no tricks and fell to OSU 97-61. Now the only team with a chance to catch the Buckeyes at Wisconsin. The surprising Badgers outthudded Illinois 85-81 and Minnesota 94-88, but they won't get to play OSU until March 3.

Missouri Valley leader Bradley got Chet Walker back, just in time. St. Louis jammed the middle against the Braves and they needed every one of Walker's 23 points to hold off the Bulls 72-67. Meanwhile, Cincinnati beat North Texas State 77-50.

The Big Eight settled down to a struggle between Colorado and Kansas State. The Buffs



MEL COUNTS, 7-foot Oregon State center whose rebounding has put the Beavers among the nation's top teams, performs his specialty despite wall of Oregon players in game at Eugene.

beat Oklahoma State 54-39, K-State romped against Nebraska 72-53. But Bowling Green had the Mid-American race all to itself. The Falcons bombed Miami (Ohio) 94-61 and raised their record to 15-1. The top three:

1. OHIO STATE (16-0)
2. CINCINNATI (17-2)
3. BRADLEY (14-0)

THE SOUTHWEST

Some semblance of order was beginning to emerge in the usually confused SWC. Texas Tech won twice on the road and stood alone in first place. The Raiders threw a pressing zone at fading SMU and brought down the Mustangs 69-61 at Dallas, then used a late stall to outlast Arkansas 66-64 in Fayetteville. But Texas A&M, despite a nonleague loss to Houston (73-69), was still very much in the race. The Aggies were tied for second with Rice after a 79-72 win over TCU.

Houston gave Cincinnati a battle before losing to the talented Beavers 60-52. Arizona State beat Texas Western 68-62 to just about clinch the Border title. The top three:

1. TEXAS TECH (11-4)
2. ARIZONA STATE (18-3)
3. HOUSTON (16-4)

THE EAST

The big game was in Pittsburgh, where Duquesne and Villanova traded punches and baskets. The aggressive Dukes, who usually play man-to-man, unexpectedly tied up the Cats with a tight zone and only Hubie White was able to break through. He scored 21 points, but it wasn't enough. Rambunctious Mike Rice bulled his way for 21, little Willie Somerset added 12 more and Duquesne squeezed out a 53-51 win. At week's end, Duquesne was still winning. The Dukes whipped St. Francis (N.Y.) 99-43, but Detroit's Dave DeBusschere scored 29 points and Villanova lost in overtime 93-89.

Other eastern independents concentrated on improving their tournament chances. St. John's, back in the East after beating Notre Dame 78-72 in double overtime, defeated Army 57-51. Providence shook off Niagara 77-67, then outscored St. Bonaventure 71-60 for its seventh straight NYU came back from a month layoff to beat Mt. St. Mary's 77-59. Navy trimmed Colgate 113-61 and Maryland 67-58. However, Holy Cross ran into trouble. The Crusaders beat Dartmouth easily enough, 92-61, but Boston College was tougher. Although Jack Foley gunned in 34 points, the Eagles won 82-77. Seton Hall also discovered that you need more than a big scorer to win. Nick Werkman piled up 40 points against St. Bonaventure and 29 against Niagara but his team lost both games, 113-100 and 103-81.

Yale and Cornell were still tied for the Ivy League lead after Penn upset the Elis 71-49 and Dartmouth surprised the Big Red 60-58. The top three:

5. DUQUESNE (16-2)
6. ST. JOHN'S (13-4)
9. VILLANOVA (10-4)

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLUE HAWKS

Sirs:

Ray Cave's article on *Sieging the Blues in St. Louis* (Jan. 22) was too sympathetic. Ben Kerner just needed an excuse for his losing team. This is another one of his alibis. I don't see how a myth can bring home five division championships. It's ridiculous to say that the Big Three never were great. Bob Pettit is one of the all-time greats. Hagan has been on many All-Star teams and Lovellette is one of the best outside shots and rebounders in the business. The trouble with the St. Louis Hawks is that they just don't have a backcourt.

STEVE GRAY

St. Louis

Sirs:

Kerner is such a shrewd trader he has traded away the talents of Bill Russell, Willie Naulls, Dave Gambee, Bob Ferry, St. Green and Frank Selvy (Russell, Naulls and Selvy were All-Stars this year). And the only player with any great ability he has left to show for these transactions is Cliff Hagan.

Kerner moans he has no superstar. But how can one player (Pettit) win four Most Valuable awards in the All-Star classic and still not be classified as super? If Jerry Lucas turns pro with Cincinnati, Kerner will be singing the blues rightfully, and not even he will be able to fix the Hawks.

ROBERT GASAWAY

Mount Pleasant, Ill.

Sirs:

Cave's story really blew up when the remarkable St. Louis Hawks won six out of seven games the following week (Scorecard, Feb. 5).

"Sieging the Blues" would be better.

DENNIS R. HENDLEY

Milwaukee

JANBERG BY KENTON

Sirs:

I was pleased to see your acknowledgment of Tom Edwards as Chet Jastrzemski's first swimming instructor (*Janber by Jastrzemski*, Jan. 29).

It might interest you to know that Edwards, in addition to serving as Dean of Students, has continued his success as a swimming coach. During his tenure at Kenton College he has coached eight consecutive Ohio Conference championship teams (1954-1961).

ROBERT W. MACDONALD JR.

Gambier, Ohio

Sirs:

As one who has competed against Chet Jastrzemski for three years, I would like to congratulate you on your article. Chet sure turned it.

FRED JONES

Marion, Ohio

QUZZED QUIZ

Sirs:

I agreed with Charles Goren's reasoning in the *Year-end Quiz* (Dec. 25) except for Hand 14, where both sides are vulnerable and North-South have 60 part-score. He gives five points for a two-diamond bid by South, two points for two hearts and one point for a double, saying that the chance of slam is remote. Yet if partner has two



EAST 1 ♠ SOUTH 7 WEST NORTH

small diamonds for even only one) and six clubs K-J and so other count, six diamonds is a decided probability. Thus, it seems to me that the cue bid of two hearts is superior to two diamonds, which will surely be passed by partner with anywhere near a minimum or subminimum hand.

I presume Mr. Goren fears that the cue bid, forcing to game, would find partner with only spades. But this being rubber bridge (60-point score), it seems as if his two diamonds is bid in that light. Might not partner just pass a three-diamond bid over two spades?

Mr. Goren's bridge generosity impresses me as aggressive, but a two-diamond response here seems too timid.

EDWARD D. JERVEY

Randolph, Va.

● A double or a cue bid with this hand, according to Goren, decreases the chance of showing both minors at a low level. (If partner is well-becked in spades he is apt to bid and rebid his suit until the partnership is overboard.) It also warns the opponents against competing stren-

uously, whereas a "timid" two diamonds may pave the way for a huge penalty if they become overly aggressive. There seems a far better chance of collecting a penalty than of earning the bonus for bidding and making a slam that requires a specific holding from partner.—ED.

FOOTBALL DORM

Sirs:

I was astonished to read your false statement that Vanderbilt's "athletic council" is toying with the idea of providing a special football dormitory and increasing the yearly athletic scholarship by 50% (Scorecard, Dec. 18).

Both points are absolutely untrue.

JOHN H. STAMBAUGH
Vice-Chancellor and Chairman
of Athletic Committee

Nashville

● SPORTS ILLUSTRATED delayed publication of Vice-Chancellor Stambaugh's complaint in order to further investigate the offending item. That inquiry has now been completed. Although there is high-level opposition to the dormitory idea on the Vanderbilt campus, we are convinced our story was correct as printed and as quoted by Vice-Chancellor Stambaugh.—ED

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MINI FRAPPE—Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass. Pour enough Hiram Walker's green Creme de Menthe to fill glass, serve with a small colored straw.

BRANDY ALEXANDER—3 oz. brown Creme de Cacao, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy, 1 oz. light cream. Shake with ice and strain into chilled cocktail glass. Sprinkle with nutmeg.

COWBOY KELLY—3 oz. Hiram Walker's Vodka, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's green Creme de Menthe. Stir gently over the rocks in an old fashioned or stemmed glass.

ALEXANDER'S SISTER—1 oz. Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's green Creme de Menthe, 1 oz. light cream. Shake well with cracked ice, strain into a cocktail glass and sprinkle with nutmeg.

BLACKBERRY FRAPPE—Pack shaved ice in cocktail glass and pour enough Hiram Walker's Blackberry Flavored Brandy to fill glass. Serve with small colored straws.

SIDE CAR—3 oz. fresh lemon juice, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Triple Sec, 1 oz. Hiram Walker's Brandy. Shake well with ice. Rub edge of cocktail glass with slice of lemon, then dip glass in powdered sugar for foamy coating. Strain and serve.



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Green Creme de Menthe, Brown Creme de Cacao, Orange Curacao, Peppermint Schnapps, Silver Gin, Anisette, Apricot Liqueur, 50 proof, Blackberry Flavored Brandy, Irish and Rye, 70 proof, Hiram Walker's Brandy, 84 proof, Triple Sec, 80 proof, Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin, Distilled from 100% American Grain, 90 proof, Hiram Walker's Vodka, Distilled from Grain, 80 and 100 proof, Hiram Walker & Sons, Inc., Pacific, United.

Easy to mix and fun to serve, the glamorous treats shown here require only two or three bottles of Hiram Walker's Cordials to make. And, in spite of their elegance, these famous cordials are surprisingly inexpensive whether you buy the standard sizes or the smaller flask-shaped bottles. Pick up your favorites today. They'll add color to your entertaining!

HIRAM WALKER'S
CORDIALS
A Rainbow of Distinctive Flavors



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Fast Break—You're looking at the season's new champ in style and rugged good looks. Low moc seam and bold stitching accenting the grain of Laredo leather, puts this shoe (and you) a cut above the crowd. Try it on soon.

10⁹⁹ Other styles, 9.99 to 12.99. Pedwin Jr. for boys 8.99 and 9.99. All higher Denver West and Canada.

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